

Sports Illustrated

MAY 7, 1962 25 CENTS

THE KENTUCKY DERBY



T. Angier



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Pepperell
cottons

The Brown Bottle

*Why did it
make the beer
taste better?*

Today, most beer comes in brown bottles that are shaped pretty much like this one.

Fifty years ago practically all beer came in clear glass bottles. What changed things?

Well, the Schlitz people up in Milwaukee put up a beer that they were particularly proud of, and they wanted it to taste as good when people drank it as it did when it left the brewery.

This wasn't possible with a clear glass bottle because just a little exposure to sunlight would cloud the beer and ruin the flavor. So Schlitz set out to find a bottle that would protect the beer from light.

The brown bottle did it and more and more people began to drink Schlitz.

Since that time most other breweries have copied the Schlitz brown bottle, but no one has ever been able to copy the taste of the good Schlitz beer inside.

How about a Schlitz?



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© Jas. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.



Contents

MAY 7, 1962 Volume 16, Number 18

Cover Painting by Tom Ungerer

16 The Kentucky Derby

36 Tom Ungerer paints his bold impressions of Derby Day

43 Whitney Tower analyzes the field in this year's race

18 No Fight for Sonny

The New York commission denies a license to Sonny Liston, the heavyweight challenger

20 Patton Comes out of the Woods

Golf's wild-swinging Billy Joe stopped hitting shots into the trees and wound up winning a big event

22 Always Room for One More

About 5,000 schoolboys race the stop watch and catch other in that biggest of all track meets, the Penn Relays

28 Hallelujah, He's No. 1

As a tournament bum Whitney Reed lives in vagabond luxury, but he also plays a good game of tennis

52 The Thames

The beauties of England's great river, inspiration to poets and sportsmen, are shown in a color portfolio

72 Take a Left at the Erie

A family of landlubbers waddles through the maze of rivers, lakes and locks that make up the famed Triangle cruise

The departments

7 Scorecard

61 Bridge

63 Baseball

66 Sporting Look

93 For the Record

94 Baseball's Week

96 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. except one issue a year and Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for in footnotes, dates, E2-E3.

Acknowledgments on page 93

Next week

COMEBACK GOLFER Gene Littler, now U.S. Open champion and top money winner, had to rediscover his swing before he could achieve the success long predicted for him.

BEST DADDY in harness racing is Adios, whose sons and daughters dominate the sport. Kenneth Ruden reports on his record and the man who developed him, Del Miller.

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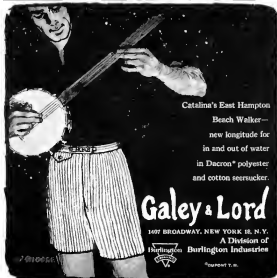
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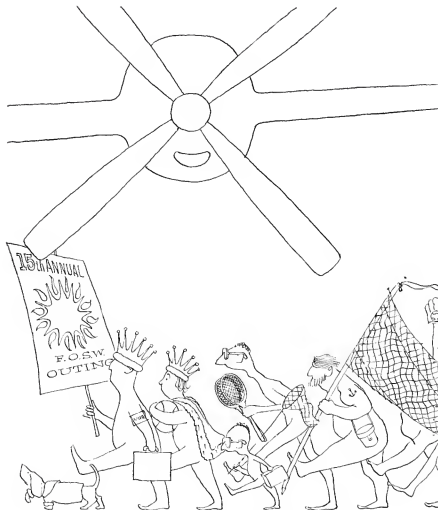
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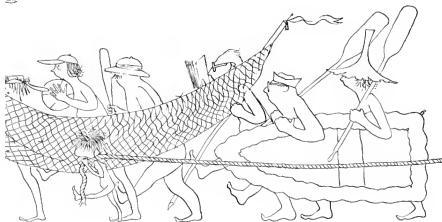
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POINT OF FACT

A horse show quit to increase the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

How many horse shows are held in the U.S. each year?

The American Horse Shows Association, the governing body of the sport, recognizes some 500 events. James Blackwell, executive secretary of the AHSA, says, however, that there are at least four times as many nonrecognized shows held annually

What is the oldest indoor horse show in the U.S.?

New York's National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden was inaugurated in 1885. The first show offered classes for fire horses, police horses and park hacks.

Is the N.Y. National the biggest indoor show in the U.S.?

No. The American Royal, held at Kansas City, Mo., attracts around 1,200 head of horses and ponies

What is the top prize ever paid for a show horse?

A reported \$50,000 was paid by Bob Ballard of Newmarket, Ontario for Windsor Castle, an open jumper, Windsor Castle, who is still competing, is the only horse ever to win the open jumper championship three times at the New York National.

What is the official high jump record for a horse?

The world's record was established in 1938 at the Royal Horse Show in Sydney, Australia by a horse named Ben Bolt. He cleared nine feet six inches. The official American record was set in 1923 at the South Shore Horse Show (Chicago) when a horse named Greatheart jumped eight feet three and one-sixteenth inches.

What U.S. horse show offers the most prize money?

The Pan Oak show in Houston, Texas, which puts up \$64,000.

Do any of the U.S. shows, besides the N.Y. National, have international events?

Only the Washington, D.C. and Pennsylvania National at Harrisburg. Both have international jumping events.

—ALICE HIGGINS

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Should Malcolm do it?

Should he use his best martini gin—Seagram's—for tall summer gin drinks? Of course he should! Why deprive his guests (and himself!) of the zest, the brilliance, the tangy dryness that Seagram infuses into collins, tonic, fizz, freeze, or what have you? Remember: Seagram's is the amber dry gin. The world's driest. Start pouring, Malcolm—your guests are thirsty!

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN—IT BELONGS WITH GRACIOUS LIVING.



SCORECARD

UPSET DECISION

The decision of the New York State Athletic Commission to deny Sonny Liston a license to fight Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson will cost the state more than a little in tax and other revenues, but it is worth it. The cynical acceptance of hoodlum control in prizefighting, even by those charged with enforcing the rules, has been basically responsible for the reduction of the sport to its present low condition. Along with California, which announced that it, too, would reject Liston, New York has taken a step toward the restoration of confidence in boxing.

Naturally, those who never have cared a hoot about who was in control so long as money was in the till are uttering sharp, confused cries of dismay. The New York *Daily News* printed a cartoon showing the commission stomping on Liston's hands as he clings to the brink of an abyss. It was a foul blow and should cost the *News* a round.

The word "rehabilitation" is being overworked in some sections of the press, while in others we are pointlessly reminded that archbishops rarely make effective fighters. All of this studiously avoids the central issue, which the commission made quite clear: Liston was refused a license because of his links with mobsters.

"We cannot ignore the possibility that these longtime associations continue to this day," the commission said (see page 18). "The wrong people do not disengage easily."

They don't, indeed. Only the naive or the corrupt could believe that Mobster Blinky Palermo would disengage himself voluntarily from a potential heavyweight champion—representing control of boxing and a vast fortune—except at the payment of a substantial price, a price so substantial that neither Liston nor any of his overt associates have it.

RETURN OF THE DOOZY

The first car ever to average better than 100 mph for the Indianapolis 500-mile race was a Duesenberg driven by Peter

De Paolo in 1925. In 32 ensuing races a mere 38 mph has been added to that old record, an improvement of barely a mile per hour per year.

It seems quite fitting, then, that the pace car for the qualifying heats this Memorial Day will be a 1925 Duesenberg driven by Peter De Paolo. Restored with a sporty roadster instead of a racing body, the car is the contribution of William Harrah, Reno gambling house proprietor and owner of perhaps the world's finest collection of antique, classic and vintage automobiles. And none finer than that old Doozy.

UNLUCKY WINNERS

Advertising Man Ed Graham ("Bert and Harry Piel," *et al.*) ran an April fool contest on New York's advertising row, winners to be awarded box-seat tickets to games between the New York Mets and the Philadelphia Phillies. First prize: a box seat to one game. Second prize: a box seat to four games. Honorable mention: a box seat to every 1962 Mets-Phillies game in New York.

JUNGLE SNACK

Two British Motor Corporation Mini-Minors were entered in the recent 3,000-mile East African Safari, the world's toughest auto rally. The Minis is 10 feet long and weighs just over half a ton. Last year one started. "We never saw it again," a local driver said. "I wonder if something ate it."

SPRING'S RUDE AWAKENING

When Charles Bradshaw took over this year as University of Kentucky football coach, it was expected that he would bring with him the "hard" view of the game he had learned as a player and coach under Bear Bryant, who some say invented "hard-nosed" football. Bradshaw did, and after going through some of his spring-training drills 19 of his players, including three lettermen, quit the squad.

Bradshaw admitted that he had instituted a new get-tough policy at Kentucky, but he blamed "a hypocritical

recruiting system" for the player losses. "You have to lay it on the line," he said. "Recruiters too often misrepresent the picture. They do the prospective player an injustice by emphasizing Saturday, the day of the big game, rather than Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the days you get ready."

RUN THIS UP THE FLAGPOLE

There were 7,000 fans at the ball park in Portland, Ore. on the opening night of the baseball season. On an advertising billboard on the left-field fence was a short, crisp message. It read: "Why aren't you home watching KATU, Channel 2?" Next day's attendance: 700.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS STUTZ BEANCAT

New York State has just passed a bill allowing a motorist who hits a deer to keep the carcass—if the car has been damaged. It used to be that if you hit a deer the carcass went to the nearest poor farm, and you got to keep nothing but the dents and scratches, which were considerable: deer rank just behind telephone poles in total decisions over moving vehicles. The idea behind the old law was



that a car was an illegal weapon, and according to game laws you can't keep anything if you kill it illegally. The idea behind the new law is that, game regulations or not, anybody whose car is mangled could use a little venison to cheer him up.

This decision, it seems to us, opens up a whole new area of sport. The law says that the deer has to be clobbered on the road. But where does the road end? If there is a tender-looking haunch grazing on the divider, or on the apron, can you swing over and win yourself a free dinner? If the stag is scratching his back on one of the Queen's oaks a hundred yards to one side, can you snake off through the

continued

The White House declares: more Americans should participate in sports. Our youth is willing; our school athletic directors and coaches are elated.

But there's another side: a mother's instinct is to worry. Seventeen times last year she was shocked by death on the gridiron. She's not interested in the fact that this was only one of every 100,000 participating. One is one too many.

Then there were the dozens of boys disabled—for a week, a month, a year... a lifetime. Hallmarks lay on the "blind side." Boys meeting the hard reality of a wall after diving in for a fix-up. Gymnasts barely missing that extra half-flip that makes a champion. Wrestlers taken by surprise. Boys hitting the floor with a dull thud.

When it happens to a boy, what can a coach say? Does it help to say he worries with the parent every minute? Does it help to say he took every precaution, but obviously the precautions weren't adequate?

Then came the egg

The only real solution would be to eliminate the possibility of serious injury altogether. Now, at last, a significant advance has been made in this area. Proof exists that a new era of protection against contact injury has arrived.

United States Rubber Company has developed a revolutionary unicellular foam plastic padding material called Ensolite. It is the result of years of concentration on solving the sporting world's most serious problem. Tests prove conclusively that Ensolite soaks up shock and limits dangerous rebound far better than any other material known.

Fact: A fresh egg was dropped onto a one-inch thick piece of Ensolite from a height of 15 feet. Result: not only did the egg not crack, even the yolk remained unimpaired.

FRESH EGG SURVIVES 13-FOOT FALL; PROVES THAT SERIOUS CONTACT INJURY CAN BE STEMMED!



As silent as this fall was, it was heard around the country. Safety experts in universities from coast to coast confirmed the good news with tests of their own—in laboratories and in actual use.

Equipment tests conclusive

Engineers began designing new football helmets with Ensolite inside and out. More tests. More conclusive proof of its protective superiority. Conscientious manufacturers of shoulder pads, lap pads, knee pads and other protective padding devices have been switching to Ensolite.

Ensolite wall padding for thousands of too-small gymnasiums is now available. Wrestling and gymnastic mats made of Ensolite have been finding their way into our more progressive high schools and colleges. And everywhere the report is that when Ensolite mats go down, so do injury rates.

Question to school boards

Knowing a material exists to stem rising athletic injuries is not enough in itself. When new equipment is needed, there's no problem. Comparisons can be made to other materials and, undoubtedly, the choice will be Ensolite. But what about equipment bought, say, three years ago? Can't afford to replace it... or can't afford not to? Will a tight budget console an injured boy's parents?

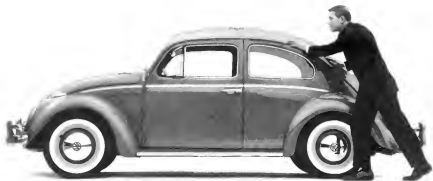
Remember, you can't buy athletic ability...but you can give it the protection it deserves with Ensolite.

For information and a list of the suppliers offering Ensolite Helmets • Shoulder Pads • Hip Pads • Knee Pads • Rib Pads • Thigh Pads • Wrestling Mats • Gymnastic Mats • Wall Padding • Boxing Ring Floors: write to United States Rubber Company, Ensolite & Kem-Blo Products Dept., Mishawaka, Indiana.



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SCORECARD *continued*

glen and blast him, pleading slippery road conditions later? And how damaged is damaged? If a driver becomes so skillful at the new sport as to be able to put away a deer without a scratch to his 1968, must he then apply the jack handle to his fender before the game warden arrives? And, finally, if two motorized hunters hit each other, who gets to keep what?

THE INSIDE TRACK

- The Kansas Relays, next to the Penn and Drake events the oldest track meet of its kind in the country, may be nearing its end as a major event. To enlarge seating capacity for football games, the Kansas athletic board is planning to remove the running track from the Kansas stadium, lower the football field and add 7,200 seats in the space thus made available. The board says it will build a new track-and-field stadium seating only 2,500, even though more than 15,000 people attended this year's running of the Relays.
- The National Football League may have a team in Houston in 1962, probably in 1963 and almost certainly in 1964. The move will be made either through expansion or by transfer of an existing franchise like that of the Pittsburgh Steelers.

- Garland Pinholster, who had a 111-33 record in five years as basketball coach at Oglethorpe University, will replace Bob Stevens as head coach at the University of South Carolina.

- The New York Giants are planning to deal very soon for a veteran quarterback who can take the place of retired Charlie Conerly as a substitute for Y.A. Tittle. If they do, Lee Grosscup, New York's perpetual third-string quarterback, is likely to be traded.

BATTERS' LEAGUE

The kind of pride that goeth before a fall inspired the magnates of the Sally League to adopt the slogan, "It's a pitchers' league." The other night the Macon, Ga. team trounced Greenville, N.C. 32-5, and on the very next night Asheville scored 10 runs in a single inning, then lost 15-14 to Savannah.

THEY SAID IT

- Stan Musial, Cardinal outfielder, admitting he might not retire after this season: "When you make statements in February about retiring, you really mean them. Then the season starts and you

continued



Orchids are okay—but how about a postage meter!

"The orchids were for overtime the night before. But there wouldn't have been any overtime if we had a postage meter. And me and my spike heels would have been spared that long wait at the postoffice to buy sticky little stamps. . . . That's what I told the boss—and how come we have a postage meter now."

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get to going pretty good, and you find yourself thinking about next year."

• Sid Gillman, after receiving a new three-year contract as head coach and general manager of the San Diego Chargers: "It's not often that a general manager is handed a new lease on life after losing \$1,250,000 in two years."

• John Bridges, Baylor coach, in an address to former students in Fort Worth: "I realize that Baylor hasn't won a Southwest Conference football championship in 35 years. I assure you that if I don't win it in the next 35 years, I'll bow out gracefully."

• Young female fan, complaining about Milwaukee not coming home until 10 days after the opening of the baseball season: "It isn't fair. On Opening Day all the teams should be allowed to open at home."

• Pitcher Jim Brosnan, on the Dodgers: "The only thing they have improved is their ball park."

EXCELSIOR FOR FAUST

One of 13 men in the world (five in America) who have cleared the high-jump bar at seven feet is sophomore Joe Faust of Mt. San Antonio Junior College in southern California. Even more fascinating than his jumping is Joe. The events leading up to his national junior college record of 7 feet 1 1/4 inches, accomplished at the Southern Californian Relays, make quite a tale.

Five days before the meet Joe Faust called on one of his girl friends. She was too tired to go out, so she and Joe and her father sat up until 1:30 a.m. talking about "life, space, the bomb tests, the afterlife," and such things, as Joe remembers. Afterward, Joe had some pancakes at an all-night restaurant, then set out for Los Angeles in his 1956 station wagon, intending vaguely to go on to the town of Arbuckle in northern California, where he had friends. As he has done before, Joe was thinking of larger matters than track and field. On impulse, he left his car in Los Angeles and took a 12-hour bus ride to Arbuckle.

Joe is a little mixed up, he concedes. He has been quickly in and out of a couple of colleges other than Mt. San Antonio. Last summer he entered a Trappist order to become a lay brother but stayed only 10 days or so. What was forming in his mind en route to Arbuckle was a decision to abandon athletics, work for a year, then enter a monastery.

continued

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LANVIN

SCORECARD *continued*

At Arbuckle he hopped a Yuha Junior College bus, arranged for a job driving a creamery truck, then borrowed some gear from the Yuha track coach and worked out, "with a girl holding the bar so it wouldn't blow off."

He stayed with his Arbuckle friends that night, got up next morning and had another impulse.

"I washed their truck and their car and along about 3 p.m. started hitchhiking to Sacramento," he recalls. With \$1.23 in his pocket, he encountered some hohoes. He bought chocolate bars and tomatoes for them, chocolate bars and bananas for himself. In return, they showed him how to catch a freight to Sacramento, then hop a through train to Los Angeles atop a load of plywood. It was bitter cold and windy but the worst part was passing through endless tunnels with diesel and steam engines blasting out their fumes.

"I knew I couldn't stand it," Joe says, "but I couldn't get off either."

After more and more tunnels, Joe finally arrived, some 400 miles later, at the Los Angeles yards, his hair and ears full of grease. "I was just what I looked like, a hobo, and really pooped," he said.

He drove his station wagon back to college, slept all day and all night and awoke just in time to catch a bus to the meet, 45 miles away at Cerritos Junior College. There he made his record leap, third in the alltime list, and at that, says Coach Helmer Lodge, he "shipped six inches on his takeoff."

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

The Broadway musical hit, *Damn Yankees*, one of the very few musicals ever to celebrate baseball, still is around, seven seasons after it first sprang Gwen Verdon on a grateful world. But, as in the major leagues themselves, some changes have been made. When it first played Minneapolis three years ago, the original script was followed exactly: the hero stars for the Washington Senators. Now *Damn Yankees* has returned to the Twin Cities, this time as a St. Paul Civic Opera Association production, but the Senators are no longer mentioned. Joe Hardy, the Yankee-hating young phenom, now plays shortstop for the Minnesota Twins—not only for provincial reasons but in keeping with the recent course of baseball history and the westward shift of the old Washington Senators.

END

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**Sports
Illustrated**
MAY 7, 1962

THE BIG HORSE



IN THE DERBY



His name: Rudan. For a long time he was not given much chance against the distance runners he meets Saturday at Churchill Downs. But now he need fear only one other horse—or mud

The robust bay colt coming head on at you in the center of the photograph is Rudan, winning the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week and now the horse to beat in Saturday's Kentucky Derby. The Blue Grass was Rudan's most impressive race as a 3-year-old. On a fast track he pulled away from his field easily and won the mile-and-an-eighth race by four lengths. He won all his seven starts as a 2-year-old but was disappointing earlier this year, when he was beaten twice by Sir Gayford and once by Prego. Many experts felt that he was only a sprinter and would not race well at the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter. But then the fine young jockey, Manuel Ycaza, took him firmly in hand. Under Ycaza, Rudan won the Florida Derby in March and then the Blue Grass, demonstrating that he could be rated as a distance race and that he had the stamina for a strong finish.

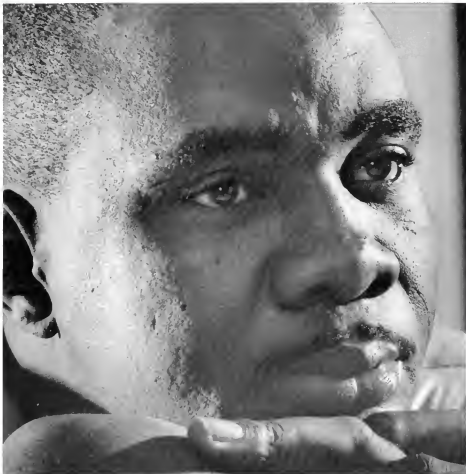
Rudan is a big horse (he weighs 1,050 pounds). Power and speed have been his assets since he first went to the races. He was purchased as a yearling by Moody Jolley from Steel Magnate Tom Girdler for \$11,000 and has won \$446,514 to date. At Churchill Downs his two prime fears will be Sir Gayford, another brilliant colt, and the possibility of heavy rain before the race. His handlers believe that Rudan, like Sir Gayford, does not like to run on a muddy track. Praying for clear skies and racing luck, they hope to see roses round his neck.

Mark Schlabach

UNGERER'S DERBY PAINTINGS: PAGE 36
TOWER'S PRERACE ANALYSIS: PAGE 43

WHY NEW YORK THREW OUT THE LISTON FIGHT

Instead of O.K., the commission came up with a kayo
when Sonny wanted a license by ROBERT H. BOYLE



Mecting in Manhattan last week, three men gave boxing its biggest jolt in years. The men were General Melvin L. Krulwich, James A. Farley Jr. and Raymond J. Lee of the New York State Athletic Commission, who were to rule on the application of Heavyweight Challenger Sonny Liston (left) for a New York boxer's license. The promoter of the proposed Liston-Floyd Patterson fight, Championship Sports, Roy Cohn's outfit, took it for granted that Liston would be licensed. Recently Championship Sports announced that the heavyweight title match would be held in September, and probably in New York.

For two hours the commissioners read through a thick dossier compiled by two investigators, Dan Dowd and Frank Morris, who had visited Philadelphia. Sonny's adopted home town, earlier in the week. Neither Dowd nor Morris uncovered any "new" information on Liston; they merely collected various available reports and documents.

Among the papers the commissioners examined were Liston's police record (two convictions, one for armed robbery), his testimony before the Kefauver Committee, reports on his activities by the Pennsylvania state police, and a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article, *Can't a Fellow Make a Mistake?* (July 17). For what it was worth, Krulwich, Farley and Lee also read over the Fifth Amendment testimony given to the Kefauver Committee by Blinky Palermo and John Vitale, two old hoodlum associates of Liston. And, finally, the commissioners looked into Liston's dealings with Pep Barone, his former manager and a Palermo front man. Last year Barone agreed to dissolve his contract with Liston for \$75,000, the money to come from Sonny's future purses. Since then Liston has paid Barone \$48,000 (from the Albert Westphal "fight" in Philly last October), but the New York commissioners were leary of Liston's paying Barone any more money from any fight they might sanction. They figured that money that went to Barone wound up with Palermo, now running loose pending appeal of a 15-year Federal sentence for conspiracy.

By the time Krulwich, Farley and Lee had finished reading everything, they

found themselves in unanimous agreement to refuse Liston a license. This decision was not the result of any one thing in particular about Liston; it was everything about Liston. For an hour the commissioners worked over a release giving their verdict. They toyed briefly with the idea of telling Liston to reapply later, say in six months or a year, to show he could stay out of trouble, but they decided against this because they did not want to soften their verdict.

The key section of the release read: "We do not take the position that Liston's police record alone bars him from a license in this State. We do, on occasion, in the process of rehabilitation, license applicants with records. Important figures in the boxing world have achieved distinction, despite an original unsavory background including a police record...."

"The history of Liston's past associations provide a pattern of suspicion. His association with Vitale, Palermo... and others is a factor which can be detrimental to the best interests of professional boxing and to the public interest as well. We cannot ignore the possibility that these longtime associations continue to this day. The wrong people do not disengage easily." What the commissioners were saying, in effect, was that they were not primarily concerned with Liston's past indiscretions but that there was a strong suspicion he was still controlled by gangsters.

A few minutes before the commission distributed copies of the release, Harold Conrad, Championship Sports publicity man, was telling reporters that the Liston fight would be held in either the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds on September 17 or 21. Cohn and company were so certain the commission would okay Sonny that no other cities were being considered. When Conrad got the release, his eyes glazed. When he came to, he sidled over to a phone to call Al Bolan, Cohn's working partner in the promotion. "AL," he whispered, "they denied it." Silence for a moment. "They denied it," Conrad said again. Then he read the text of the decision. Conrad hung up and told the reporters he had been unable to get in touch with Bolan.

Neither Bolan nor Conrad—nor Roy

Cohn, for that matter—had any real reason to be shocked. For weeks it was known that at least one commissioner, Farley, was against licensing Liston. But, instead of sounding out the commission beforehand, they had announced the fight as a fact and dismissed Liston's application for a license as a mere formality. Thus this becomes the latest in a long list of Cohn-and-company fiascos.

At home in Philadelphia, Sonny professed unconcern. "I will continue to train as if nothing had happened," he said. Morton Witkin, his Philadelphia lawyer, was indignant. Wrapping himself in the flag, he called the New York action "unfair, unjust and un-American."

Champion Patterson only added to the confusion. "What if they did that to me?" he added. "You know how many times I went to the police station when I was nine years old." The generous champion missed the point that Sonny is 29, and that it was Liston's associates or owners—more than Liston himself—who had brought about the mixing of the fight. Floyd's lawyer, Julius November, announced the bomb might be off. "Patterson," said November, "has the right to name the site, according to the contract signed by the three parties March 16. Patterson selected New York City. Liston cannot get a license here. Therefore the contract is void."

Meanwhile, other state commissioners began popping up. Alfred M. Klein, chairman of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission, who looks upon Liston as a young man firmly on the path toward purity, said his group would be happy to get the fight for the city of brotherly gloves, and Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois commission was equally eager. "If they want to bring the fight to Chicago," he said, "they can rest assured that Sonny Liston will be given the right. I'm a firm believer in rehabilitation." The fact that Sonny lied twice to the Illinois commission when he got a license there in 1958 (he forgot to tell them about his 29 months in the pen, and said he was licensed to fight in Missouri where he was actually under suspension) should make no difference. A million-dollar gate covers a multitude of sins, at least in Illinois.

END

BILLY JOE COMES MARCHING OUT OF THE WOODS

The amateurs start their battle to see who will succeed Jack Nicklaus, and the first candidate is an old favorite with a new approach **BY GWILYM S. BROWN**

One hundred and fourteen of the country's best amateur golfers gathered in the little North Carolina village of Pinehurst last week, congratulating each other that Jack Nicklaus, the big young man who had overpowered them for the past two years, had turned professional and was a safe thousand miles away. Then they set about assailing par and each other in one of the sport's most revered tournaments, the 62-year-old North and South Amateur. The five-day, match-play event started what will be a summer-long scramble for the position vacated by long-gone Jack, and it was expected that the young golfers who have done so well in recent years would dominate the scene from the very beginning. But by the time the North and South was over late Saturday afternoon the kids had been routed, the veterans had all the silverware and the top amateur golfer of the early season was a familiar old fellow with a brand-new style, Billy Joe Patton.

He won six matches against one of the strongest fields ever assembled for a North and South and thrashed his friend and fellow lumber dealer, Hobart Manley, 7 and 6 in the finals. In the process, 40-year-old Billy Joe shot a remarkable eight under par for 117 holes on the famed and rugged Pinehurst No. 2 course. What's more, he did it in most uncharacteristic fashion, sticking to the fairways as he never has before.

Since 1954, when he came within a stroke of being the only amateur ever to win the Masters, Patton has been recognized as a hard-swinging, joyously quixotic golfer who sends his tee shots crashing deep into the woods and then hits impossible recoveries back out again. Galleries like to follow him, it is said, because they are always in the shade,

and Patton's Fairway is the name the initiated have given to the deep evergreen forests that border so many holes at Pinehurst.

It is an interesting reputation to have, but not one that leads to lots of victories. It is eight years since Patton's challenge at the Masters, eight years since he last won the North and South, eight years since his opening round 69 in the National Open at Baltusrol made him the first amateur since Bob Jones to lead at that stage and three years since he last played on the Walker Cup team. His erratic but often brilliant golf and his cheerful personality made him one of the most stimulating performers—amateur or professional—in the game. But always, and especially since 1959, he has been an agonizing disappointment in the country's major match-play events. Patton has never, for instance, played beyond the fourth round of the National Amateur. And even in the homelike atmosphere of the North and South, he had only struggled as far as the semifinals once since he won the tournament in 1954.

Wide and wide

Two years ago Billy Joe, discouraged by the hopelessly unpredictable quality of his game, had just about made up his mind to give up major tournament play and settle for an occasional friendly round in the pleasant Carolina climate. "I guess in my good years I was playing way over my head," he told his friends at the time.

Even as late as this spring he announced that he was coming to the North and South "only because my wife Betsy needs a vacation." So the Pattons drove over from their home in Morganton, N.C., and celebrated Billy Joe's 40th

birthday with a bottle of sparkling Burgundy. That's all that sparked at first. When Billy Joe stumbled through a couple of practice rounds in 79 and 78, it looked as if wife Betsy's vacation at Pinehurst was going to be both short and dreary.

On Monday Patton qualified for the match-play phase of the tournament with a mediocre 75, three over par. In the first round the next day his iron play was shaky, and though he engineered a two-over-par, 2-and-1 victory over Jack Pennase of Miami, he needed a birdie and a par on the last two holes to get his winning margin.

Then on Wednesday Billy Joe's golf suddenly blossomed like the rich, red azalea bushes that mark the coming of spring in Pinehurst. This happened as favorite Deane Beman and four other members of last fall's Walker Cup team were falling from the tournament like so many fading morning glories.

From there through the finals Patton played spectacularly efficient golf. He used the same rapid, whiplike swing of old, the same low, twisting motion in his follow-through. But the ball was traveling on a new and straight trajectory, instead of falling too often into the weeds and woods.

Thursday he beat Charles Smith and in Friday's semifinals, where, significantly, there wasn't a young golfer left, he beat Dr. Edward Updegraff, a 40-year-old Arizona urologist who is playing very well this spring. Hobart Manley, meanwhile, was beating 41-year-old Dale Morey to reach the 36-hole final match against Patton.

From a historic point of view this year's final is a good example of what can occur in the North and South, where the same players compete for years. In

1951 Patton and Manley also met in the finals. Patton led that match 2 up after 31 holes, but Manley beat him with five straight 3s, the last made on the 36th hole with the aid of an 85-foot putt. After that Manley, a husky 35-year-old from Savannah, Ga., whose looks would easily qualify him to work as Arnold Palmer's double, dropped out of competitive golf. He lost his amateur rating through a violation of the USGA's rule on expenses, married a pretty little Georgia girl from his home town and went to work in the family's sawmill company. A good deal of his business is done with Billy Joe Patton. One day this year, in the course of a business call, Patton learned that Manley would like to play in the North and South, but tournament officials, apparently unaware that his amateur status had been renewed, had not invited the former champion. Patton contacted Pinehurst and got Manley invited, and here they were together in the championship final.

Manley proved no match for Billy Joe, who added some stern and steady iron play to his new penchant for staying on the fairways. Patton was 5 up at the end of only nine holes, and shot a brilliant morning round of 69. He pushed his lead to an unbeatable 8 up after lunch, and coasted through to a 7-and-6 win.

"I hit the ball as well as I conceivably could. It was the best golf I've played in competition in a long, long time," said Patton happily as he stood in the cool of the clubhouse, gulping beer from a paper cup. "I've enjoyed winning here more than anything else I've done in golf." Then he asked a favor of the crowd of friends and reporters who pressed congratulations on him from all sides. "Please don't call me a scrambler any more," he said, "or the Morganton Magician, or any of those names. For the last two years I may have had to hit the ball more often than anyone I've played with, but I've certainly hit it just as straight." He was asked what caused the change in his game. "All I've done," he said, "is slow down my swing a little bit. I used to swing so fast nobody could

continued on page 70

LURRERMAN PATTON displays his noted trouble-shot technique on one of the few occasions that he hit into the pines of Pinehurst.





The stop watch is an item of fashion at Philadelphia's Franklin Field. The 35,000 fans come partly to catch and to cheer over their favorites, but mostly they come to time them.

Always Room for One More

Track and field's grandest mob scene is the Penn Relays, where last weekend 5,000 excited young athletes submitted eagerly to some amazing stockyarding and an unrelenting timetable. Like dutiful automatons, they ran on each other's heels to keep on their massive schedule. The supermeat never missed a beat. It was enough to give bigness a good name.





Photographs by James Orel

In its 88 years of giving everybody a chance, the Penn Relays has been a track meet singularly devoted to quantity. Competitors come from diverse places: colleges of Florida, high schools of Virginia and the Virgin Islands, grammar schools of Philadelphia. Some run in Bermuda socks and lettered undershirts just to boast on a future day that they were there. Often they must race in crowds (199) but they share an intensity of will and purpose, typified by the boy below, brooding over his chances in a relay event soon to start.



continued



Penn Relays *continued*

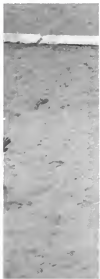
There were as many as 25 starters in an event. Jamming at the baton passing (above) was unerring. Elbows became as vital as feet. On the hot, dry track the better man was often bumped away, accidentally defeated by the crowd. By Saturday, the track was roughened by the relentless procession of spikes. Superior times became increasingly hard to achieve. Runners tumbled and plunged after one another (right), the elbows of the unhappy fallen grinding in the cinders.





Conquering the pockmarked track, a winner (below) lunges at the tape. Others were not so lucky. A Virgin Islands team came 1,334 miles on funds that took four months to raise. It was leading, when suddenly there was a mix-up. The baton fell. Later there were fears.

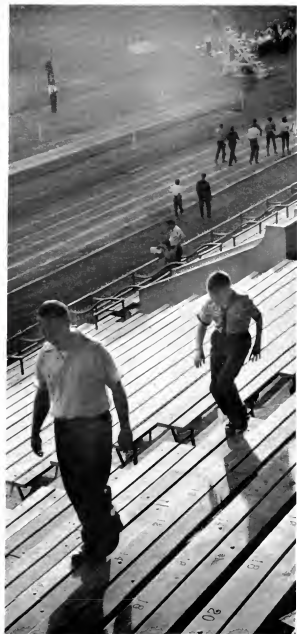
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Penn Relays Continued

Throughout the meet there is a constant milling of athletes. They drift nervously, wait their turns and actually savor the dust cloud stirred up by fellow runners. In the featured final hours the crowd saw Olympian Frank Buis in a mighty duel with Earl Young. But big names are incidental here. The camaraderie (above) and the competition are the bones of the Penn Relays—these and the fact that when it is over, and only the dust remains, the management can say it ended right on time.



HALLELUJAH, HE'S THE NO. 1 TENNIS BUM



THE SMILING PLAYBOY CAN BE A FIERCE COMPETITOR WHEN IN THE MOOD

Because of his antics both on and off the courts, this not-too-flattering term fits Whitney Reed even better than it does most tournament players. But it is his deft touch with a racket that has made him No. 1

by **ROGER WILLIAMS**

If there is such a thing as a tennis bum," says Whitney Reed with characteristically disarming frankness, "I guess I'm it." The hypocritical rules of amateur tennis have made the term bum almost synonymous with tournament player, and certainly this attractive 29-year-old Californian, now America's No. 1 amateur, seems to have all the credentials to fit it: no steady job, a dozen years of tournament tennis, no wife, attendance at three colleges without a degree from any, and a deep fondness for girls, gambling and late parties.

Like most ranking players, Reed leads a life of moneyed luxury far beyond his visible means of support. As an amateur he achieves only decent comfort via expense money, but the fringe benefits of amateurism enable him to mingle with the rich in party after party at country clubs wherever he goes, and his itinerary would bring envy to the hearts of the most sophisticated travelers. Last year, for example, Reed and his rackets touched down at Mexico City, Kingston, Caracas, Barranquilla, San Juan, Montego Bay, Naples, Turin, Berlin, Basel, Barcelona, Bristol, London, Dublin, Toronto, New Delhi, Teheran, Rome, Buenos Aires, Santiago, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, not to mention such local watering spots as Miami, La Jolla and Newport and, of course, the fashionable suburbs and exurbs of New York City.

This kind of life is understandably hard to give up. Yet last November, when he finished eight straight months of tennis and traveling, Whitney Reed was ready to call it quits. "I was just plain tired of tennis," he recalls. "I'd made up my mind I wasn't going to the Caribbean again, and I was considering pissing up Europe and the eastern

continued



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grass circuit too." Whitney was even pondering the square life of marriage and job. Then, largely because he beat Chuck McKinley in the third round of the nationals at Forest Hills in September, Reed was moved up to the No. 1 ranking. No one was more startled than Reed himself. He had never been higher than No. 8 and his 1961 record had been spotty. Still, there it was, and how could a guy quit when he'd just reached the top? First of all, people were saying he didn't deserve it, that he was the weakest No. 1 player in years, so he had to prove himself. Secondly, and perhaps more to the point, he had been playing all those years for nickels; now that he was officially rated No. 1, he would be foolish not to capitalize on it.

So Whitney Reed pushed the square life a bit further into the background and in mid-March took off for Barranquilla. Flexing his No. 1 ranking, he promptly lost in the early rounds of three straight tournaments, but no matter. The losses were all to foreigners (therefore not considered too important by the U.S. ranking committee), and the Caribbean circuit was still the happiest hunting ground for expensive money, parties and a general good time.

The endless round of tournament tennis has equipped Reed admirably for the life it provides. A modest, reserved young man by nature, he—like most other circuit players—has acquired a buoyant suit of social ease that floats him along in the best of circles. He is friendly to strangers and will talk about his tennis in a modest, relaxed way. He can consume very sizable quantities of alcohol (Scotch by preference, beer by custom) without becoming wild or even loud. And his manly, curiously handsome features make him, for lady tennis buffs, one of the top attractions among the touring players.

It is Reed's liking for parties and high life, even in a low-pressure way, that has built the legend of loose living that surrounds him. Sportswriters have harped on his unconventional training habits so much that he now bristles at the mere mention of training. One can hardly blame him. The legend has far outgrown the man. Reed smokes, but so do all the other players who enjoy it. Reed drinks, perhaps more than the others, but he can hold it better than they can. Reed stays up late, usually until 3 or 4 or 5, but once in bed he never fails to get the ap-

proved eight hours of sleep. Reed gives an appearance of not caring about tennis, rarely practices between matches or tournaments and seldom watches other people play. But, actually, he is devoted to tennis, and is known among the players as a fierce competitor in match play and one of the best behaved on court.

The only part of the Whitney Reed legend not exaggerated is his gambling. He plays hearts for hours on end, at 10¢ a point, usually with the same players:

won him \$65 more at blackjack, but on the third night he took a bath and spent all the rest of the week catching up. On the last night, just before the celebration ball, Reed downed three Scotch and waters and marched resolutely to the craps table. He blew \$10, then \$20, then \$20 more. He deliberated for a moment, then pulled out all his remaining tennis earnings and slapped them on the cone. The point came up nine, and for the next minute or so he showed more emotion



REED'S STROKES ARE SOMETIMES UNORTHODOX BUT FREQUENTLY EFFECTIVE

Mike Sangster from England, Rod Laver and Roy Emerson from Australia, and his closest friend on the circuit, Ed Rubinoff from Miami Beach. He is also adept at bridge, gin rummy and poker—though regular poker games have vanished since the influx of younger players on the circuit. He would rather not play any of these games if there is no betting.

When the Caribbean tour reached San Juan at 3 o'clock one morning last month, Reed promptly headed for the craps table at the Caribe Hilton Casino. A half an hour later he walked away richer by \$20.

"I've been reading a book by the guy who runs Harold's Club," he explained, "and I followed his system. Keep betting \$1 and if you get ahead bet \$2—just once. If you lose, go back to \$1."

The following night the new system

than any tennis match had ever produced. When the nine finally arrived ahead of the seven, Reed cashed in his chips, pocketed a \$90 profit and staggered out a true believer.

The game of tennis that makes this nighttime gaming possible has been a part of Whitney Reed's life from the very beginning. His father, Rolland Reed, a machine-shop supervisor at the Alameda Naval Air Station, was at one time the No. 1 player in Sonoma County. What's mother is ranked No. 1 and his sister Susan No. 2 at the local tennis club in Alameda. Whitney himself reached for a racket when he was barely old enough to toddle. "It seems like that was the first toy he picked up," his mother recalls. "In the house or the yard or on the courts with us, he was always dragging a racket around." His first competitive

continued



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NO. 1 continued

experience, at age 6, was against a particularly steady garage door in Vallejo. Later he followed his parents to the courts where, says Mrs. Reed, "he would sit with his racket between his legs until someone agreed to hit with him."

The Reeds played with and encouraged their son from the beginning, but they shun responsibility for his strokes. "He picked them up himself," says Mrs. Reed, "and by the time he started winning they were too far gone to change. Anyway, we don't think they're so bad." According to Whitney, his mother really shouldn't think so. "I inherited my reactions from Mom," he says, "and my off-balance shots, too. Her racket goes every which way. But one reason for that top-spin forehand drive and forehand volley is that the racket was as big as I was and almost as heavy. I used the lightest racket they had but it was still too heavy."

Even today, however, Reed plays tennis somewhat like a small boy who has borrowed his father's racket. At different times and on different shots he can look gawky, comical or plain absurd. He may hit a swinging forehand volley off the wrong foot or a stiff-armed overhead smash or a forehand facing the net. He has few shots that look like anyone else's, and his form leaves spectators astonished. Weird as he looks, however, Reed is a marvelous athlete on the court. He has to be to make his game pay off. He has superb reflexes and anticipation and, above all, he has whole handfuls of that precious commodity called touch. Touch in tennis is what allows Reed to execute drop volleys as easily as most players put away short lobs, to hit the swinging forehand volley that has become his trademark, to produce wristy and awkward passing shots from any spot on or off the court. Touch gives him what Vic Seixas calls "a unique ability to hit off balance and out of position. But Whitney is only unorthodox in his approach to the ball and his follow-through. His technique of actually hitting the ball is very sound."

When touch deserts him, as it did during his early Caribbean stops this spring, Reed can be beaten by any maddling tournament player. In Barranquilla he lost to Ivo Pimentel of Venezuela, in Caracas to Miguel Olivera of Ecuador, in San Juan to Ronnie Barnes of Brazil. After the Barnes match he slumped dejectedly on his bed and mourned, "I

should just pick it up and stop taking the tournament director's money. This is getting to be really embarrassing—the No. 1 player going out in the first or second round for three straight weeks. I can just imagine what people watching me say." Later, after more losses, he said, "I'm having a worse spring than Eddie Fisher."

Reed has come to rely so heavily on touch tennis that he finds adjusting to the loss of it almost impossible. "Even if my game is off," he says, with an air of hopelessness, "I can't stay backcourt and wait for the feeling to return. My patience is limited. After two or three exchanges I'm on my way to the net, though I know I'm probably going in on a prayer." And when the drop volleys and lob volleys are working he tends to rely on them too much. This makes him an easy mark for such court-wise players as Ham Richardson. Reed is gloomily aware that his game falls into predictable patterns. "I get ahead with the touch shots, but sooner or later a good opponent gets wise. Like once when I played Seixas at Forest Hills I got ahead two sets to one with the drop shots before he moved in. The fourth and fifth sets he was playing on the service line, and I was still hitting drop shots."

Reed really began to go places as a tennis player when he was a physical education major at San Jose State College. Unhappy academic experiences at USC and Modesto Junior College, plus an equally unhappy tour of duty in the Air Force had succeeded only in turning him more and more to the game he loved. "I never really had my heart in studying," he says, "and when I got out of the service I just wanted to play tennis—turn pro if I could." In 1958 Reed began to move. This was a memorable Davis Cup year (the Challenge Round was Alex Olmedo's shining hour), but that summer our cup prospects were anything but bright. With veterans like Vic Seixas on the sidelines, Captain Perry Jones was trying to build a team around the reluctant Ham Richardson and untested Olmedo. For the American Zone semifinal with Canada he had Jon Douglas, Barry MacKay, Sam Gammalva, Earl Buchholz and Reed to work with. "MacKay was conceded one singles spot," Reed recalls, "and it was between Gammalva and myself for the second." Reed got the assignment and played one

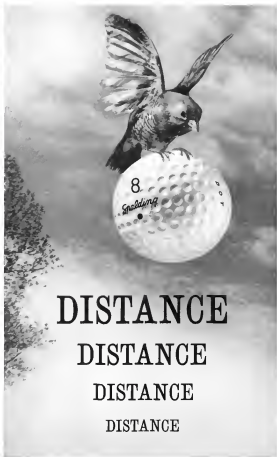
match, beating Canada's Bob Bedard in straight sets. He was dropped from the squad before the American Zone final, however, and stories began circulating that Jones had become incensed over his training habits.

Jones denies this indignantly, and Reed concedes that his play following the Canada match was poor enough to warrant dismissal. He knows, however, that his general reputation with Jones didn't help him any. "Jones has a fatal memory for bad things about you," says Reed. "Some stories from my USC days got back to him and he's had a grudge against me since."

Last fall, after a summer of play that included some of the worst losses and some of the best wins a leading player could have had, Reed got another chance at the Davis Cup. During the year he had lost to Olvera and Barnes, to South Africa's junior, Rod Mandestam, to young Australians Alan Lane and John Sharpe, but he had scored victories that are still making conversation. At Montego Bay he beat Roy Emerson and Neale Fraser, two of the finest players in the world, both on the same day. On clay in Atlanta he beat Tui Bartzen, the best U.S. clay player, 6-0, 6-1. And in the nationals at Forest Hills he beat second-seeded Chuck McKinley, the wonder boy of U.S. tennis, in the third round. McKinley launched his customary all-out serve-and-volley game, but Reed's touch and dexterity blunted his attacks repeatedly. Reed pulled off a sparkling series of service returns and passing shots that had McKinley diving from one side of the court to the other. "McKinley was flogging balls all over the place," Reed remembers happily. "I remember one sequence in particular. He served and charged the net full-bore. I lobbed the return, and he started skidding trying to stop short. He scrambled back for the lob and the ball hit him right on the head." Reed won the first two sets, but when McKinley took the third, the crowd was still sure McKinley would win. McKinley broke serve at the start of the fourth set; then Reed broke back twice and ran out the match.

The Davis Cup team of Reed, Douglas & Co. that arrived in Rome under the leadership of David Freed for the Inter-zone Final was not given much chance by either American or Italian tennis enthusiasts. But when Jon Douglas fought back from a two-set, 5-2 deficit to beat

continued



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NO. 1 continued

Fausto Gardini in the opening match, the U.S. outlook brightened immensely. "I was so inspired," says Reed. "that I felt sure I could beat Pietrangeli and give us that big 2-0 lead." Reed's inspiration drove him through two of the best sets of tennis he has ever played, and when darkness fell that first afternoon he had a commanding lead of two sets to none. "That night, though, I had a chance to think it all over," he says, "and I guess I got shook. I've never been the same two days in a row. I always lose a little if I've been good the day before, and that's just what happened this time. I lost my sharpness and he gained his." Sharp and confident next morning, Pietrangeli whizzed through Reed in three straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, and the Americans went on to lose by the decisive score of four matches to one. Reed still blames himself for America's defeat. "If I had won," he says, shaking his head slowly, "we'd have been so inspired and they'd have been so choked that we couldn't have missed beating them."

There will be other Pietrangelis and other McKinleys to face this season and the next and the next, but Reed may not be there to meet them. He is playing now because he is No. 1, and that may not last very long. McKinley beat him in the finals of the national indoors this year, and a swarm of lesser players are understandably eager to test so vulnerable a top-ranker. It may be weariness or a guilty conscience or a little of both, but for Whitney Reed the gay whirl of tournament tennis is undeniably losing some of its kick. The square life—including a job outside of tennis—is looking a little better, particularly if it includes a girl named Betty Hanner.

Betty and Whit have been going together for five years. Early last year they planned to meet at the Houston tournament, get married and take off on the European circuit. The plans were "postponed," and Whitney delayed them further by sending Betty only one postcard in the next six months. "We were really going to get married this March," he says, "but we never got past the blood test. She drove me to the plane for Barranquilla and said goodbye. No tears, no promises, just goodbye." They're reconciled now, and marriage is again in prospect. Reed's friends believe it is just what he needs. After all, not even No. 1 can be top tennis hum forever.

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The first Kentucky Derby that Artist Tomi Ungerer ever saw

was last year's, but he painted The Derby—not just the 87th running of it. His fresh eye and bold style produced our cover, the paintings on the following pages and some crisp comments as well: I didn't fall in love at first with the beauty of the horses as much as with the stunning mass of color, especially the crowds and the jockeys. For me it wasn't the fascination of the connoisseur. I had never seen such a gathering in my life. It reminded me of an Easter parade in New York—good taste, bad taste conglomerated into one wild unit. It was hard to understand this crowd that had traveled thousands of miles for the climax of a very few seconds. Anyway, here they were, all the social levels mixed together, absorbed into one event. At first I was like an observer trying to take these people apart. But then my neighbors' excite-

ment became contagious. I had met Carry Back one morning. He was grazing by his barn. Suddenly, for no reason, I wanted him to win. From then on I felt like anybody else. I even placed a bet.



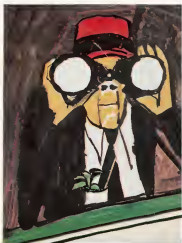


There was a medieval quality about the big parade to the betting windows—the colorful dresses and the bizarre hats. Oddly, there was quiet and even boredom in the room where the jockeys wait for the next race.





Finally the race began, and I was caught up in the great excitement. I was no longer an observer. I was with Carry Back, and as he passed Crozier and came on to the finish it was a sigh of relief to me. [Turn page for Ungerer's last view of Carry Back.]







FINISH

RIDAN AND SIR GAYLORD FIGHT IT OUT THIS YEAR

by WHITNEY TOWER

The colts in the 1962 Derby field show an unusual variety of talent and running styles, but if the track is fast it should lead to a two-horse race

As the paintings on the preceding pages recall, last year's Kentucky Derby was made memorable by the presence of a spunky colt named Carry Back. He captivated racing fans by his come-from-way-behind style, and he won as the overwhelming sentimental favorite. This year's race has no such focus of interest. Nevertheless, because of the remarkably diversified talents in the field of 3-year-olds who meet this Saturday, the Derby should be one of the fine racing spectacles of our time.

This is, admittedly, strong advance billing for an event that until very recently appeared likely to be a contest among ailing, eccentric and mediocre colts. But the results of two races last week now offer the prospect of a stirring, gate-to-wire duel between two evenly matched horses, Sir Gaylord and Ridan; only rain or racing luck could provide a long-shot winner.

Because of its esteemed position on our racing calendar, the Derby should not be contested by horses with little or no chance to win. Unfortunately, it often is. This year, for example, before last week's Blue Grass and Stepping Stone, only eight horses had actually earned valid credentials for the Derby. Yet possibly twice that number may make it to the starting gate for the mile-and-a-quarter grind. The eight good ones are Sir Gaylord and his stablemate, the brilliant filly Cicada, Ridan, Sir Ribot, Decidedly, Sunrise County, Admiral's Voyage and Donut King. Add to this list Crimson Satan, though his excuses for losing are now wearing thinner than a second-hand kimono, and Royal attack. Clearly, the number of legitimate choices is limited.

The role of Derby favorite will almost certainly go to

Sir Gaylord, who won last week's Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs—a seven-furlong prep—by nearly two lengths over Sir Ribot. Out of action since suffering an ankle injury at Hialeah after he won the Everglades, Sir Gaylord came within two-fifths of a second of the track record and was then officially tuned over the Derby distance in 2:02 2/5. (But a horseman sitting beside Casey Hayes, who trains Sir Gaylord for Christopher T. Chenery, clocked the colt running out the mile in 1:34 3/5 and the mile and a quarter in 2:01 4/5.) For a horse that had not raced in over two months that was impressive, to say the least. Half an hour later, Trainer Hayes sent out Cicada in the Kentucky Oaks Prep, and she not only beat a field of 11 fillies but also Sir Gaylord's time by a fifth of a second.

All this took place two days after Ridan had won the Blue Grass at Keeneland, running just a fifth of a second slower than Round Table's track mark of 1:47 2/5 for the mile and an eighth. He beat Decidedly by four lengths and Crimson Satan by nearly nine. Immediately horsemen began to debate which of these performances was most meaningful.

I believe Ridan's was. By every standard, this superb performance by the big, rugged colt shows he is now 25% better than he was when he lost twice in a row to Sir Gaylord in Florida this winter. The improvement should be credited to his present jockey, Manuel Ycaza. With his strong hands, his fiery competitive instinct and his marvelous talent for tuning his own ability to that of his mount, Ycaza is made for a horse like Ridan.

"We can't ever get an exercise boy to ride him right," says Ridan's owner, Mrs. Moody Jolley. "He's too strong, and they can't hold him. Ycaza can—and did in the Blue Grass." Breaking on top, Manuel took Ridan back while the speed horses, Roman Line and Areopolis, cut out the early pace. When they folded, Ridan, who had been in third place, had the lead to himself. Ycaza pulled away in the stretch, thwarting the brief challenges of Decidedly and Crimson Satan.

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DERBY PREVIEW

The latter made his big move going into the last turn and quickly gave up.

On that occasion, Ridan worked out the mile and a quarter in 2:01. Later, when Yeasa had decided to ride the colt in the Derby (he also was offered Donut King by Owner Verne Winchell), he was asked if Ridan had felt stronger in the Blue Grass Stakes than when he barely edged Cicada in the Florida Derby. "Well," said Manuel, with a glistening display of teeth, "today he was pulling away at the end." That alone should indicate how sharp Ridan is now.

Of course, Sir Gaylord was impressive in the Stepping Stone. In this six-horse race first Doc Jockey and then Sir Ribot went to the front while Mito Valenzuela kept Sir Gaylord very near the pace. When they straightened for home, Sir Gaylord gradually wore down Sir Ribot and won going away. However, Valenzuela had to ride his horse all the way, and in the final sixteenth of a mile Sir Gaylord was noticeably trying to lug in to the rail. Mito had to hit him left-handed to keep him straight. This could have been caused by mere fatigue since Sir Gaylord had not raced since February 21. Or it could be his right front ankle is hurting again.

The filly is ready

Cicada, who already qualifies as one of the best racing fillies ever seen in this country, is still eligible to be entered in the Derby, and there is every likelihood that she will be, just in case anything happens to Sir Gaylord. But she probably will run in Friday's Oaks instead. Willie Shoemaker rode her in the Oaks Prep and later told Trainer Casey Hayes, "If she'd been running in the Florida Derby like she ran today we'd have beaten Ridan a city block." He also said that she was not only the greatest filly he had ever ridden but the greatest he had ever seen.

Earlier that same day Shoemaker had been put through a jockey's nightmare. Sunrise County, his own choice as a Derby mount—and everyone's choice as the Derby's problem horse—was scheduled for a work at the Downs. Out on the track, Sunrise County displayed the same erratic behavior that brought him disqualification in both the Flamingo and the Wood Memorial. "After going about half a mile," said Shoe, "he ran to the outside in a slow, drifting movement and pulled himself up. It must be in his mind."

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DERBY PREVIEW *continued*

He was working with blinkers, which he had on in the Flamingo but not in the Wood, but they didn't seem to help. This week we'll work him with a special one-eye blinker, the right eye only. And if that doesn't work we'll have to go back to no blinkers at all. I know he can run, and run fast. It's true that I'd rather have him break from an outside gate so he can follow horses around the first turn instead of being inside and possibly getting into trouble after the break. But there's something else I thought of, too. There may be such a noisy crowd on both sides of the track on Derby Day that Sunrise County will get confused by it all and run perfectly straight."

Neither horse that finished second in last week's preps in Kentucky should be lightly dismissed. Decidedly, a son of Determine, was second to Ridan in the Blue Grass; Sir Ribot was behind Sir Gaylord in the Stepping Stone. Both are perfectly bred to run the Derby distance, both are bound to improve off their last races and both may benefit if Churchill Downs comes up slow or muddy—conditions that are unfavorable for Sir Gaylord and Ridan.

Decidedly, a neat gray horse who could take a conformation prize in any show ring, was beaten by Ridan by four lengths last week, but he had a few traffic problems along the way and was far from disgraced. Sir Ribot is a big, gangling bay colt with a tremendous lick of speed when he feels like turning it on. The best place for him to turn it on, obviously, is in the stretch, where it can be of most use. If either Sir Ribot or Decidedly is to make his mark at Churchill Downs this week, the others in the field must cooperate. The best opportunity for these two would come if Sir Gaylord and Ridan killed each other off with a full sixteenth of a mile to go. Then a stretch runner might overhaul the pair of them.

Now the long shots

It is discourteous but reasonable to scoff at the chances of the other Derby candidates. Crimson Satan, a wow when no other first-rate 2-year-olds were around last fall, has never made it back to his best form. In Florida he came down with respiratory and intestinal trouble and raced poorly. Even his native Kentucky air has not helped him. Sunrise County will need a super-strong Shoemaker and possibly a spe-

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DERBY PREVIEW *continued*

cial trackside radar beacon to keep him on course. Admiral's Voyage, game and versatile as he seems to be, isn't likely to relish the distance.

Doc Jockey, one of the California invaders, has a pleasant 300-pound owner named Lionel Sternberger, whose chief claim to fame is the fact that in 1923 he invented the cheeseburger. But off his fourth-place finish to Sir Gaylord last week, Doc Jockey is hardly headed for a winning mile and a quarter. Royal Attack, a Royal Charger colt, has the breeding, but knee trouble in March probably set him back too far in his training. Donut King cannot make it on an off track at all, and even in the Wood, in which he finished third on a fast track, he rapped himself slightly. He is another son of Determine, however, and must be given an outside chance. The others in the race—Prego, Good Fight, Roman Line, Sharp Count, Boone Co., Mister Pitt and Green Horace—will all be long shots, and deservedly so.

A plot for the race

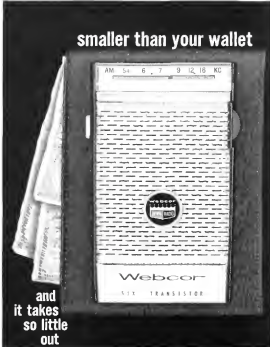
How will the Derby be run? Fast for one thing, fast enough, perhaps, to beat Whirlaway's 1941 record of 2:01½. A colt like Roman Line will take the lead early, and you can expect to see Yeaza on Ridan and Milo Valenzuela on Sir Gaylord running just off the pace, Sunrise County, if Shoe can manage it, will be close to Sir Gaylord and Ridan, and if Braulio Buera wants to take back with Admiral's Voyage instead of making a hurried run for it, there will be at least four riders in this pack watching each other very closely.

Somewhere behind will be Donut King. Decidedly, Sir Ribot and Crimson Satan. It is doubtful that Yeaza will make any real move with Ridan before they turn for home. Milo and Sir Gaylord will be right with them. From way back, Sir Ribot will get into gear and so will Decidedly. At the eighth pole the sprinters will fold, and the stretch runners will be straining to overtake Sir Gaylord and Ridan, who will be driving together in a furious charge. If Cicada makes the race either as a substitute for Sir Gaylord or as an entry with him, she'll be in there somewhere, too.

The stretch runners may overtake the big two in the Belmont or next fall. But not in this week's Derby. And I believe Mrs. Moody Jolley's Ridan is going to win that race.

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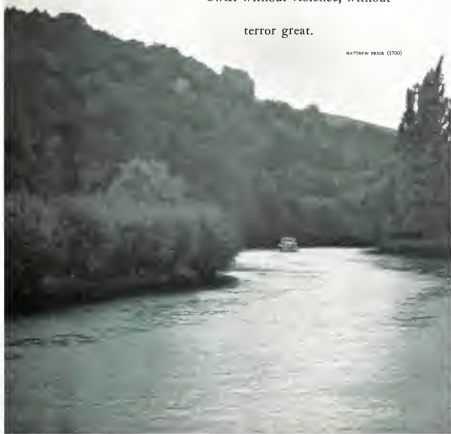
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ROBERT HERRICK (1632)

*'Tis true, no turbot dignify my boards
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords*

ALEXANDER POPE (1734)





Photographs by Brian Soss



*Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace.*

THOMAS GRAY (1747)



*Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place,
While sweetly blending still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green—*

EDITH COLLIER (1772)

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Clairvoyance, plus a break

My good friend Dick Frey is well known these days as a bridge writer and commentator; he edits *The Bulletin* of the American Contract Bridge League and comments on the play at numerous Bridge-O-Rama shows where the public can view international and national team championships. But many newcomers to bridge are not aware that as long as 30 years ago he was one of the country's top-ranking experts at the game he still plays so well.

When such a fine player operates as declarer in a hand he sometimes seems to perform as if he could see all the cards. A good example is this deal, which Frey played in the days when he was a member of the Four Aces, the team that dominated the biggest contract bridge tournaments during the early 1930s, twice winning each of the four major team events—the Vanderbilt, the Spingold, the Grand National and the Eastern Championships.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
1M	PASS	1S	1NT
2C	PASS	2S	PASS
3C	PASS	3S	DBL
REDDL	PASS	PASS	PASS

As you can see, good bidding has not altered a great deal in the past 30 years. West's no-trump overcall is based on 17 points by present evaluation methods. South's reverse bid—first diamonds, then spades—promised somewhat better than a minimum opening. North's distributional values in support of spades added 8 points (5 for the void, 3 for the singleton) to the worth of his hand and merited his slam try. Frey, with the South hand, was happy to accept the invitation. And West could hardly believe what he heard! Only North's redouble is subject to any severe criticism—but Frey's play made that look good, too.

West did not have a comfortable opening lead. The king of clubs would have defeated the contract, but the actual choice of the club jack is more normal. North's queen won the first trick. You are now at liberty to try making this contract while looking at all the cards because, with the bidding by West to guide him, Frey knew almost certainly where they all were located.

Dummy took the second trick with the ace of hearts, and declarer won the next five tricks by trumping hearts in his hand and diamonds in dummy. Danger developed, however, when East pitched three diamonds on the hearts. After ruffing the third heart, the situation was this:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10 K 7	9 4	A	K 2
10 9 8	—	—	—
—	—	K J 9	A
—	5 7 6 5	A 4	K 10 8

Declarer cashed the ace of spades and led a diamond, driving out West's ace. North carefully trumped with the 10, preventing East from overtrumping. Now all that remained was to play for one good break—finding the two outstanding trumps in different hands. They were. Dummy's spade lead was won by West with the king, and East's 9 dropped. West had nothing left to lead except a club, putting declarer in his hand with the ace. This meant that South, having discarded his 4 of clubs on the last trump lead, was left with two good diamonds which he could use to bring home his little slam.

EXTRA TRICK

The slam couldn't be made if West held three trumps. South's play was based on a sound principle: when you need a certain division of the cards in order to make your contract, you must assume that you'll get it. **END**

THE

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Some brilliant pitching in the new corral

The day before we opened the season," said Paul Richards, the general manager of the Houston Colt .45s, "there was a welcoming parade for the team through downtown Houston. As we went down Main Street I started to get a funny feeling. I could sense that the people standing on the sidewalks were actually sending their hearts out to us, but because of the things that they had read or heard they were just too darned embarrassed to raise their hands and wave." Last week, as the Colt .45s completed their third week of competition in the National League, the hands and hopes of the people of Houston were unembarrassedly raised high. The Colts had played 15 games, winning 7 and losing 8, and had lifted themselves, surprisingly enough, into 5th place.

Before this 1962 season began, almost every baseball expert had conceded last place in the National League to these same Colt .45s. Houston fans had been geared for such a possibility by the club's management. Now there is such surprised joy in the fine showing of the team that when the Colts get a rally together their fans shout gleefully, "Break 'em up!" When the .45s score a run the stadium organist thumps out tunes like *It's a Grand Night for Singing*. And aside from the joys being brought to Texas by the Colts themselves, Houston fans have found a second warm joy in belonging to the major leagues. This joy takes the form of merely sitting back, looking out at the center field scoreboard and greeting each new defeat of the New York Mets, the other new team in the NL's expansion, with a hoot and a holler. Local radio stations have taken to poking endless fun at the Mets, "The Mets," an announcer said the other afternoon, "are blazing away again. The score, at the end of six full innings of play, is the amazing Mets four . . . Philadelphia 11." In Houston the Mets have never been judged quite as "amazing" as their manager Casey Stengel once thought they would be. In Houston it is the Colt .45s who are truly amazing; the Mets are only amusing.

Houston's Colt .45s got off to a galloping good start in the National League because of excellent work on the mound

Baseball people have indeed found something attractive in the Houston picture—pitching. Nice pitching. Clever pitching. Remarkable pitching. Houston had better pitching the first weeks of the season than any of the other 19 teams in the majors. After their first 16 games the Colt pitching staff was gliding along with a 2.00 earned run average, far and away the best around. The team closest to them in ERA was the first-place Pittsburgh Pirates with 2.90. The Houston pitching staff had given up fewer runs (44), fewer earned runs (34), fewer home runs (7) and fewer bases on balls (38) than any other club in either league.

Judge Roy Hofheinz, the chairman of the executive committee of the Colt .45s, was talking about his team's pitching the other evening. "There are three people basically responsible," he said. "Paul Richards, Manager Harry Craft and Pitching Coach Cot Deal. They've put magic into our pitching staff, and it has helped to put magic into the whole ball club." Of course Roy Hofheinz helped to put some magic into the pitching staff and the ball club himself—the magic that only \$250,000 can bring. The Colts spent that amount last summer scouting the players who were to be put on the National League's draft lists. Not buying them; scouting them. Before the Colts were actually foisted there were eagle eyes scouring the country examining the ballplayers who would be available. The scouts saw the players in countless games and filed reports on what they saw, sometimes as many as

continued



NEW PITCHES AID LEFTY WODESCHICK

15 reports on each player. The club also went through several simulated draft meetings, so that when they went to Cincinnati in October to finally pick their players they knew precisely what they were doing. The same cannot be said for the ageless and seemingly useless Mets, who sit in last place forlornly and possibly forever.

"Once we got the club together," said Manager Harry Craft, "our biggest problem was to give the players confidence. Richards and Deal began working right away with the pitchers when we got to spring training. Bobby Shantz was probably the only proven pitcher we had starting out. We thought that Hal Woodeshick [currently with a record of 2-0 and an earned run average of 1.36] needed a couple of more pitches to develop into a good pitcher, and we thought that Dean Stone really lacked confidence." (Stone, supposedly a washed-up major leaguer, has started three games in the first weeks of the season and won two, both shutouts. His ERA was 1.64).

Woodeshick, a quiet, handsome left-hander of 29, was quick to explain his transformation from a lifetime loser (16-20): "Richards and Cot Deal came up to me in spring training and asked me to throw a curve. I thought they were crazy. I said, 'I've tried it before and I can't throw one.' Deal said, 'Didn't you ever throw a curve ball before?' I said, 'Let's forget about it.' But they wouldn't let me forget about it. I knew I had a pretty good fast ball and I used my slider off it. But I was always behind on hitters. The two of them stayed with me. I began to appreciate their interest in me and I worked harder than I ever had before in my life. They taught me to throw a slip pitch first. [The slip pitch is a Paul Richards development in which the ball is jammed as far back between the thumb and index finger as possible and thrown with the same effort as a fast ball.] After I had learned the slip pitch, and saw how effective it was, I was eager for them to teach me the curve. They worked and worked, and finally I began to break off some good ones. I started throwing a few in exhibition games and got some confidence in it. One night I went home to my wife and said, 'Marianne, I'm 29 years old and I've been pitching since I was 17. I've been released by three different teams, but now I've got four

pitches instead of two and maybe everything is going to change for us.' The other night when I pitched against the Cardinals [April 24] I got in trouble in the seventh inning and I thought that somebody was going to come out to the mound and get me. But Mr. Craft just hollered out, 'It's all up to you, Hal,' and I pitched better in the last two innings than I had in the first seven. I know something! I been in a lot of major league games before [107], and I never threw a curve ball in one of them."

Curt Flood, the Cardinals' leading hitter, said of Woodeshick, "I had been reading where he was trying to throw a curve, but I guess I only took it semi-seriously. Well, I've been up there against him and, man, he's got one."

"With me," says Dean Stone, "Richards and Craft and Deal gave me real confidence. Going into this season I didn't figure to be a starter. One of the things that I was worried about was that I needed only 34 more days in the majors to be eligible for my pension. But after Shantz and Woodeshick, both left-handers, beat the Cubs in our first two games they gave me a start. They gave me the go-ahead and I've never felt more confident in my life."

The Colt .45s are also getting excellent pitching from Dick Farrell, who has added both a slow and a fast curve to his good fast ball, and from Ken Johnson, who has a deceiving record of 0-3, but who has given up only 19 hits, 10 of them infield rollers.

The grass grows tall

It is true that some opposing players, particularly infielders, believe that a lot of the magic which Roy Hofheinz talks about came as a direct result of the high grass in the Houston infield at the start of the season. The Chicago Cubs felt that the grass, which was then estimated to be an inch and a half high, caused their first three defeats. Ron Santo, the Cub third baseman, suggested that the people of Houston could hold an Easter egg hunt in the Houston infield. "Well," says Harry Craft, "the grass was high, but pitching beat the Cubs. They thought they would come into Houston and knock off three quick wins, and instead they got licked three in a row. The grass hurt them only as much as it hurt us. I used to be in the Cub organization and I know how they can beef. In Wrigley Field they used to let the grass grow so high in front of Ernie Banks at short-

stop that you'd have trouble seeing him from the dugout. They also used to hose down the area around first base so that when the Dodgers came into town their fast runners would start to steal and just spin their wheels in the mud. The grass hasn't beaten anyone yet. This ball club has."

Since the Cubs left Houston the grass has been cut, and Ken Boyer, the Cardinals' third baseman, found it as good as most major league infields while playing 35 innings on it. The Milwaukee Braves found it fine.

The Colt .45s do have a few unmitigable advantages in their home park. One is the long distances to the fences, 360 down the lines and 420 to dead center. It takes a good shot to clear those fences, and against good Colt pitching not many homers will be hit against them in their own park. The outfield lighting is another matter. "It's bad," said Curt Flood. Stan Musial says, "It's real tough to see a ball coming off the bat. An outfielder can't get a jump at all." The Colts have only 550 bulbs in their ball park as against a major league average of 850.

Although Houston's pitching has been superb, it is not yet time for dreams of the first division or any dreams of second division for the Colt .45s. They will probably end up in the National League's new third division, which is composed of themselves, the Cubs, the Phillies and the Mets. No team can consistently pitch so well for a long period of time. Cot Deal himself says, "Actually you wouldn't figure any pitching could be this good. In all fairness it can't be that good."

And the Colts are going to be in serious hitting trouble before the season ends. Their only power hitter is Roman Mejias, the 29-year-old Latin outfielder. In their first 16 games the team scored only 52 runs, and that will never do.

One thing genuinely in favor of the Colt .45s, however, is that they have a growing organization with sound baseball men running it. They have Paul Richards, Harry Craft, Cot Deal and Bobby Bragan, all men of pride. In a few years they will certainly reach the clearing in the National League jungle. In the meantime the Colt .45s will make it tough for plenty of their opponents, and before the season is over their opponent may get quite a few more chances to pump out *It's a Grand Night for Singing*. **END**

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YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company

OF CALIFORNIA



Ladies' day in the 1962 design awards

Stella Sloat's skirts win the Sporting Look trophy;
Elisabeth Stewart Beck is the Designer of the Year



STEWART SWIMSUITS (ON BACKGROUND) WON FOR BETTE BECK

Two women who specialize in ladylike sportswear are winners of the seventh annual Sports Illustrated Design Awards. Stella Sloat, of Sloat & Co., who designs skirts so distinctive they are known simply as Sloats, receives the Sporting Look award. Elisabeth Stewart Beck, of Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear, a 5½-year-old California firm, is Designer of the Year. They will receive their trophies at an award ceremony in New York on June 6. More than 500 retailers and fashion writers voted in the annual competition, giving countrywide endorsement to dressing that is known these days as the Jackie Kennedy look.

Jackie Kennedy herself has been collecting Sloat skirts since her college days. A Sloat is known for its fine shaping and fabric and is a skirt distinguished by the kind of built-in fit found only in couture clothes. The fabric has a lot to do with it, and Miss Sloat goes to Scotland twice a year to pick out tweeds and other classic sportswear fabrics in exactly the right weights to hang best in skirts. She then works in the European manner, draping directly on a form. Sloat fans know that a Sloat skirt, no matter how full, will make the wearer look slim, while a slim skirt, no matter how slim, will have enough fullness for walking and sitting.

Both award winners reflect a man's point of view about business: they were both trained by fathers who were successful entrepreneurs in fashion. Stella and her two brothers, Herbie and Archie, in 1952 took over a \$4 million skirt business from the father, Morris, who started a petticoat firm in 1908. Their skirts represent a steady adherence to classic simplicity from the days when "bicycle girls" wore muddy blouses and all-around-pleated skirts attached to camisole tops. No matter what the fashion cycle may bring, Sloat & Co. finds excitement in it for sportswear. The current dress phase is interpreted in the Sloat line in two-piece "little nothing" dresses, which were included in the Kennedy wardrobe in 1957. Stella describes the "little nothing" look as "nothing on the hanger and everything on the girl."

The matched look in sportswear

Miss Sloat also started the matched look in sportswear with skirts that were dyed to match Pringle cashmeres. They proved so popular that they almost smothered her old favorites, the separates—couture-styled skirts and blouses, which she made popular after World War II—and this year she campaigned actively for a return to the more individual look of unmatched pieces that women can assemble to their own taste.

Bette Beck, daughter of the mighty Catalina empire, was trained by Papa Ed Stewart, who built an underwear firm into a \$28 million swimsuit and sportswear business. When Stewart sold Catalina, Bette, her husband Bob and her twin brothers, David and Bill Stewart, went into business for themselves in a loft on South Los Angeles Street. That was in 1956, a year when swimsuits had gone about as far as they could go in exaggerated hourglass silhouettes. The janitor came in once a week, the rest of the time the partners swept out.

"I don't think a company should put out anything that makes anybody feel like a darn fool," says Bette, with echoes of Ed Stewart in her voice. She, her husband and her brothers forthwith proceeded to revive classic swimsuits. The women of America agreed with her. Profits from the first season went back into more sewing machines, and the business grew. Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear business has doubled every year and currently is more than \$3 million annually.

As with Stella Sloat, an elegant simplicity accounted for Bette Beck's success—as she puts it, her swimsuits gave women "that wonderful prosperous look." Two-piece suits were reinstated almost solely by the efforts of Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear. California breeds swimsuit ideas—and customers. "Cal-

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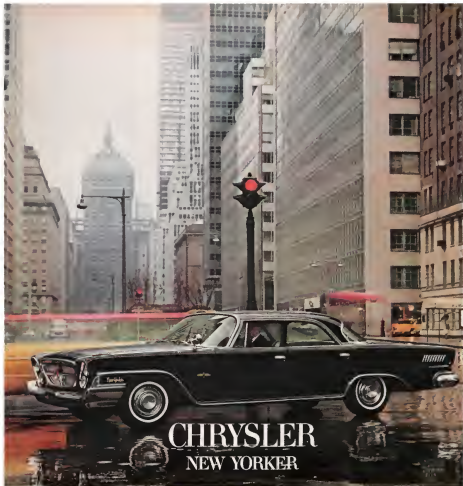
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lege girls buy 12 swimsuits to one cocktail dress," says Bette. "Nobody would dream of going to a Sunday pool party with just one suit—you need one to sit in and one to swim in."

The two-piece suits created the need for jackets or cover-ups because, as Bette happily explains, no lady "would go into someone's house for lunch in a two-piece suit." Stewart practically established the cover-up designed to match a suit. Next the firm turned to the middy, or chemise, look in swimsuits. A straight-hanging middy top worn over separate bra and trunks was revolutionary in 1958. Miss Stewart decided that the fitted look in swimsuits had had its day; she turned to fine-quality cottons that fit the figure as dresses do and to knitted fabrics that have made the easy, draped fit of swimsuits possible.

Bikinis? "I keep saying that we will never make bikinis, but I find as soon as I say I'll never do something I turn around and do it. Our new hip-hugger suits are cut lower, hang right on the hipbone, but what we take off the top we put on the bottom."

From the deck of *Flier*, a 36-foot cabin cruiser tied up at the Balboa Bay Club, where she weekends with her husband and 4½-year-old daughter Bessie, Designer Stewart sizes up the look of her own suits (the "Newport look") and the competition (the "Vegas look") and decides where a ladylike interest in swimwear is going next. The final test is always up to the firm's president (and her husband), whose taste Bette finds admirable: "He always knows if a suit looks like us. The things he didn't like in the first place I always wish I had never made." **END**



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BILLY JOE

continued from page 21

even see it. Now at least you can see me swing. Can't you?"

With Patton in top form to lead the way, this may well be a year in which the amateur tournaments are dominated by older players. Charlie Coe, 38, the long, lean Oklahoma oilman, was not at the North and South but played well at the Masters. Bill Hyndman, 46, a Philadelphia insurance man who has reached the finals of both the British and U.S. Amateur championships, looks increasingly capable of winning either. Bob Gardner, the 41-year-old New York public relations man with the unusually rhythmic



HANLEY FLASHES PALMERLINE SMILE

swing, ranks nearly even with this pair, and Dr. Updegraff, a careful, conservative player, is also a threat.

This is the group that Deane Boman and Dudley Wysong, the best of the young players, must contend with during the summer and eventually face once again right back at Pinchurst No. 2, where the National Amateur will be played in the third week of September. A. J. Clayton, Pinchurst club president, emphasized the point as he handed Billy Joe Patton his winner's trophy. "I was particularly interested to note," he said wryly, "how well some of the old veterans of golf did this week. Though their steps may falter and their eyesight may fail, they can still hit some pretty good shots."

END

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LANDLOCKED LUBBERS

by **ROY TERRELL**

On most of the classic cruising grounds of America a family is hardly the ideal crew. First of all, the father has to know something about boats. Second, in places like the Alaska passage or the north shore of Lake Superior, even the best-natured of children is likely to get a touch of cabin fever. But there is one cruise—known prosaically as the Triangle—that has a tremendous advantage over all the other waterways of this continent: near by runs the New York Thruway, plus a network of other highways, and the opportunity for a quick, dry ride home. Last summer, with the pioneer spirit that carried our family in one generation from Texas to Long Island, we decided to tackle the Triangle.

For more than 1,600 miles the course winds from Manhattan to Montreal and back, past meadow and mountain and ports, along rivers, lakes and canals. Around each bend is a reminder that history was made here, often violently, but the old forts and ruins do not look that way now, only peaceful and serene, a part of the lovely countryside. The fishing, camping and swimming are superb. The entire trip, in fact, is twice as delightful—but not nearly so easy—as it sounds.

For one thing, no boat trip is ever so easy as it sounds, especially if it is your first one and you have to do all the driving yourself. The boat we used was a 25-foot Skeel-Craft cabin cruiser, built in Intercourse, Pa. and equipped with twin 80-horsepower Volvo-Penta inboard-outboard motors. There were sleeping accommodations for four adults and, converting this into my own particular crew of large and small bodies—two adults, three children and a 6-month-old poodle—I decided that the floor plan would do. However, an old law of the sea was overlooked: three children on shipboard are equal in displacement to six adults any day. As for the dog, everyone knows that a poodle is intel-

ligent, trustworthy, loyal and no more trouble than a Percheron.

Still, it was a nice boat. We loaded up, and at 8:30 one August morning sailed on an outgoing tide. Or maybe it was an incoming tide. We never did find out.

At Hell Gate we turned right into the Harlem River and at 9:40 came abreast of Yankee Stadium. WHITE SOX HERE TODAY, the sign said. Scot's 11-year-old eyes gleamed. "Daddy, can we?" "No," I said. "But Maris may hit No. 60 before we get back." "No, he won't," I said. "Ford Frick won't let him."

Across Spuyten Duyvil Creek, where the Harlem flows into the Hudson, stands a swing bridge over which New York Central freight trains clatter. The bridge was closed. From 100 yards it seemed certain that we could pass underneath; at 60 yards it was less certain; at 20 yards the first mate yelled "Stop!" Since the first mate was my wife, Charlyne, I stopped. We all stared at the bridge.

"Are we going to turn around and go home now?" asked Tracy, who is 8. "We're going to the ball game," said Scot. Suddenly David, 13, reached over and pressed the horn button. "Beep," said the horn. "Squeek," said the bridge and began to open. We slipped through and shoved the throttles forward.

The Hudson has been called the Rhine of America, probably by someone who never got closer to Ludwigshafen than Teaneck, N.J. It is not the Rhine but it is good enough, a great canyon of a river bordered by steep, wooded hills. It is an unusually deep river, with more than 100 feet of water sometimes extending right up against shore, enabling cowards to cruise within a few yards of dry land.

Past Yonkers we ran and Dobbs Ferry and under the magnificent Tappan Zee Bridge. Sing Sing arose on the hills over Ossining, and the children searched

through binoculars for an escaped convict. No luck. We roared through Havestra Bay, past Jones Point, where the mothball fleet rusts away, and into a small cove for lunch just beyond the Bear Mountain Bridge. There, attempting to go forward while peeling a hard-boiled egg, David went overboard. He swam back to the cockpit, egg in hand, and we helped him clamber aboard. The two younger children still consider this the high point of the trip.

We passed the U.S. Military Academy at West Point within a few minutes of leaving our noon anchorage, slowing to admire the view but deciding against stopping in. For one thing, we had all been to West Point before; for another, we had neglected to get the required landing permit.

The lower Hudson is a repository of history—New York State's first capital at Kingston, George Washington's last headquarters at Newburgh, FDR's home at Hyde Park—and there are docking facilities minutes away from each site. But, as one who has walked right past Buckingham Palace and the Peppermint Lounge, I refused to interrupt a perfectly good boat trip by stopping to sightsee within an hour's automobile

110 miles from home, something let go in the starboard motor, and we chugged into Catskill Creek on one engine. There was a jewel of an anchorage. A huge boulder mirrored in a quiet little pool stood just off the stern and there was an even prettier sight off the bow. HOME-COOKED MEALS, the sign said.

While I got in the mechanic's way the next morning, the boys went fishing in a borrowed skiff (three catfish, five perch, two eels) and dropped only one rod and reel overboard. Tracy and her mother performed what was to become a daily ritual in civilized ports: grocery shopping, clothes laundering, and exercising Max, the poodle. It was midafternoon before we cast off, too late to attack the barge canals that day but early enough to reach Albany, 32 miles away and a change of scenery for the night.

The Albany Yacht Club did not exceed our expectations. "Well, you can try to sleep on the boat," the manager said, "but a lot of tankers and barges come through here, and we're not very well protected from the swells. Try the Inn Towne Motor Hotel across the bridge." The Inn Towne had a swimming pool and a fine restaurant, a pleasant port of refuge for castaways.

Next morning we encountered our first lock, the Federal Lock in the Hudson at Troy. For pleasure boats it operates on the hour if barge traffic is not too heavy; if sat there, large, dark and threatening while we waited outside, quivering.

Every boatman must enter his first lock with much the same anticipation that a rookie quarterback feels before his first game in the NFL. Unlike pro tackles, however, locks are quite easy to get through. A lock is nothing but an oversize shoebox with a watertight door at either end. You enter from downstream, the door closes at your back. Water is pumped into the lock, and the boat rises until it is level with the stream above the falls or dam. The upstream door opens and out you go, having bypassed rapids and dams while gaining 10 or 20 or 40 feet. Heading downstream, the procedure is reversed. The one complicating factor is that a certain amount of turbulence exists inside a lock when the water depth changes, so you

continued

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drive of Manhattan. However, we did stop to visit five boys wallowing in the midst of the first recorded crossing of the Hudson River by hen house from Cedar-cliff to Wappinger Creek.

"Couldn't you have built a better raft?" we asked. "More fun this way," they said. We offered them a tow. "That wouldn't be sporting," said the spokesman, evidently the captain since he occupied the only barrel on board. "Hope you make it," we called back as we moved away. "Tomorrow," the captain answered, "if not today."

The first overnight target of this voyage was Catskill Creek, a psychic choice as it turned out. Five miles away and

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ERIE CRUISE

must attach yourself firmly to a wall in order to avoid bashing in the side of the boat.

According to an impressive little volume (*Your Key to the Lock*, issued by the Army Engineers), the proper procedure for making fast is to break out a line at least 60 feet in length. The line is made fast to a bow cleat, passed around the steel bollards or snubbing posts atop the lock wall, and the loose end held by a crew member in the stem of the boat. As the water level changes, the line is pulled in or paid out.

To further protect the boat, it is fashionable to build a bumper out of a bowl-drawing collection of lines, fenders and a couple of two-by-fours. Less fashionable but much simpler are hay bags, available for \$1 apiece at one of the marinas—Albany Yacht Club, Tin-City Yacht Basin—near the Federal Lock. Suspended by ropes, one forward and one aft, they furnish marvelous protection. Old tires, once very popular, are now outlawed since they sometimes fall off the boat, sink and foul up the outlet valves.

Full of such prior knowledge, hay bags in place, boat hooked at the ready, two 100-foot lines coiled in our hands, we waited. A green light flashed on top of the lock gate, the gates swung open and we crept in, self-conscious beneath the gaze of the lockkeeper. We aimed for one of the recessed steel ladders that run up the lock walls, but overshot. David, who had caught the ladder with his boat hook, almost went over the side. Charlyne clutched him, and together they pulled the boat into the ladder and grabbed it with their hands. It was slimy. "Quick," I said. "Throw the man a line."

Lockkeepers, having observed all manner of idiots in their time, are tolerant men. "You don't need the ropes," this one said pleasantly. "Just hold on to the ladder with your hand. Then when the water rises you just walk the boat right up alongside the ladder by hand."

"The book says that we have to secure ourselves fore and aft by lines," I told him. "We bought two back in Albany. You have to—"

"Just walk the boat up the ladder by hand," he said and went back into the little pump house.

In a moment the pumps began to pound, the water began to rise—and we walked the boat up the ladder by hand. Before the day was out, each member of the family had walked the boat up a ladder by hand—all except Max, the poodle, who hovered in the cabin, under the forward bunk, for the first three days of the trip.

Just beyond the Federal Lock a sign appeared on the riverbank with an arrow pointing to the right and another to the left. Champlain, says the starboard arrow. Eric, says the port. Turning left, we came almost immediately upon the first of a spectacular series of five locks that lift the boat 169 feet within 1½ miles. The lockkeeper, a short, happy man, asked for our permit number.

"We don't have one," I said. "That's O.K.," he said. "Come inside, I'll write you one out."

Before nightfall we had climbed through seven locks, the average passage requiring 30 minutes, and gained 210 feet. Between locks we cruised grandly along the land cuts at the regulated speed of six miles an hour, speeding up to 10 when entering the Mohawk River, which forms a part of the canal system. Cultivated fields stretched away on either side. The children went forward to lie on the deck, lazing in the afternoon sun. Charlyne relieved me at the wheel in the more open stretches of the river. Water skiers skinned past us in Crescent Bay. Fishermen looked up from their corks and waved. We anchored for a swim below Lock 7, near Vetschers Ferry, and went on into the Schenectady Yacht Club for the night. This is a cooperative-type club, where the members themselves come down to help the visiting yachtsmen feel at home. The atmosphere is pleasant; the mosquitoes are not.

The most enjoyable way to travel the canals is to join forces with another boat, an arrangement that furnishes mutual assistance in the unlikely event of trouble, conversation during locking and, at lunchtime, a choice of sandwiches. We discovered our companions the next morning at the first gas pump, a pleas-

ant family of four with a 31-foot sport fisherman and an ancient English setter named Queenie.

Alternating the lead with them we traveled 50 miles that day, ascending eight locks. For a while we were stuck behind a tug and a barge; then a considerate lockkeeper told us it would be all right to speed up and go around. Another lockkeeper watched Charlyne battling the alcohol stove, a compact demon



that plagued her for all three weeks, alternately refusing to start, then flaring so spectacularly that it threatened to turn the boat into a Viking funeral pyre. "Do you have any peanut butter and jelly?" the keeper asked.

Charlyne nodded. "Feed 'em peanut butter and jelly sandwiches," he said. "Doctor told my daughter to give her kids that. Healthiest thing there is. Full of vitamins." Charlyne thanked the nice man and turned off the stove. The children smiled; Max and I growled.

We moved on through the Erie Canal, climbing the locks, gliding past creeks with lyrical Indian names—Chauctanunda, Otsquago, Canajoharie—and a few that owed more to the Anglo-Saxon influence—Flat, Mother, Washout. Beginning at Schenectady, the country bordering the Erie is full of landmarks from early America. In the town itself a group of beautiful 18th century homes has been preserved; and, just west of Fonda, they have excavated the site of Caughnawaga, a Mohawk Indian village. The canal through here has few manias, we spent the night tied up alongside the town dock at St. Johnsville, where the Chamber of Commerce has improved the old canal terminal, installed gas pumps and electric plugs. There were no showers near by, but the children bathed in the river, stirring up a bubble bath of foam.

With an early start, 82 miles were covered the next day, including the passage of seven more locks and Lake Ontario. Since the Erie locks do not run on

continued



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ERIE CRUISE (continued)

schedule, you can stop for sightseeing without facing a long delay later on. The best places are at Mohawk, where the Fort Herkimer Church, used as a fort during the French and Indian Wars, still stands, and at Rome, where on August 6, 1777 a Continental Army stopped the British advance through the Mohawk Valley in one of the bloodiest of Revolutionary battles. A tall granite monument marks the spot. It rained the day we glided past the monument, but it was a warm, gentle rain. We put up the Navy top, snapped on the side curtains—and out came the sun. The countryside, refreshed, sparkled like Tiffany's window. Off to one side, out of sight, we could occasionally hear motorists roaring along the Thruway. We passed a score of tugs and barges, sometimes the crew members would wave back, sometimes they only regarded us in amused wonder, unable to figure out why anyone who could stay at home, watching a ball game on TV with a cold bottle of beer in hand, would choose to travel this rilly canal.

Past Rome, the Erie reaches its high point of 420 feet above sea level and begins to descend. After locks 21 and 22, there is a 24-mile run across Lake Oneida, which is shallow and can kick up a nasty chop when the wind blows more than 15 mph. But at Brewerton on the western end of the lake there is a snug marina with a restaurant that serves some of the best fried chicken in the world.

Early the next morning we left the Erie Canal and turned right into the Oswego River. The Erie goes all the way to Buffalo, but we had long ago decided to turn into the Oswego and head directly for Lake Ontario. For one thing, the trip to Buffalo involves almost 200 additional miles of canal cruising; the Erie had been a charming interlude, but we had no intention of adopting it as a way of life. And from Buffalo there is also the matter of a 220-mile run down the entire length of Lake Ontario to the St. Lawrence. In a small boat this is an unwise gamble. According to ship captains regularly traveling the route, Lake Ontario is a blow, because of its shallow bottom, can be rougher than the Atlantic Ocean.

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On the Oswego, there is a great deal of boating activity, and we picked up several other cruisers and wound along like a destroyer flotilla on the way to battle. In each lock, rather than fight for position at the four ladders—a rather brutal sport usually reserved for holiday weekends—spare boats become parasites, tying up alongside someone else. This is called nesting. It is very pleasant for the parasite, and your hands don't get slimy from the ladders.

If, upon popping out of the last lock at Oswego, Lake Ontario is too rough even for the short hop across its tip, a visit to Fort Ontario and Battle Island State Park will help pass the time. When we arrived, however, Ontario lay glistening and quiet. We slipped through the seawall and took off for the Galloo Island Light, 28 miles to the north. For the first time in days the motors roared, and then the roar turned into a howl and a song. The boat climbed on top of the water and fled. A long wake curved astern. The wind whipped through our hair and tugged at our clothes. Soon we were out of sight of land. The leisure pace of the canals had been fun. Now it was fun to race again.

We soon passed Galloo Island, and in an hour we were in the Thousand Islands. Between Carleton and Wolfe islands we anchored for cocktails and dinner in water unlike any we had seen, cold and crystal-green. The nylon anchor line shimmered, magnified until it disappeared from sight some 20 feet below. The children dived in for a swim, yelling and splashing, and Max went in after them. We hauled him out with a long-handled landing net, and he shook himself dry, transferring several gallons of the St. Lawrence from his person to ours and weakening the Martins quite a bit.

That night, under a lovely moon, we continued up the well-marked American channel, under the great, soaring arc of the Thousand Islands Bridge. Opposite Alexandria Bay we turned left across the river and checked in with Canadian customs at the little town of Rockport. We docked at the marina run by Howard Huck, a stout, jovial man who

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ERIE CRUISE *continued*

escorted rum across the St. Lawrence during Prohibition, and there we remained for the better part of four days.

The Thousand Islands—actually there are 1,792 of them—form one of the great aquatic playgrounds of America. Some of the islands are mere rocks jutting from the water; others, seven miles long, have excellent camping and picnic facilities, especially those on the Canadian side, where firewood is neatly stacked and tables and campsites are already prepared.

Each day we swam, we canoed, we water-skied. The boys broke out their flippers and masks and snorkels, pursuing perch and carp with homemade spears. We picnicked on the islands. And we fished, early and late, throwing red-and-white striped darddevil lures after pickerel and pike. In between times we loafed along as slowly as we cared to, cruising the endless channels that weave and twist between the islands.

Whenver we felt like a little touch of civilization, we put back into Alexandria Bay, a resort area with good public docks, hotels, motels, golf courses, tennis courts and a number of good restaurants—the Canadian green corn is delicious. Perhaps we would have remained in the Thousand Islands until the river froze up if I hadn't made the mistake of buying a newspaper one day. The news was good—the Reds still led the National League—but the date was a shock: Saturday, August 26. More than half the distance to travel but less than half our allotted three weeks remained. We took one last swim, made one final cast for pike and set off again.

We flew 50 miles down the St. Lawrence to the Iroquois Lock, first of seven in the great Seaway system. The Iroquois, though smaller than the Snell and Eisenhower locks that lay ahead, seemed monstrous after the Erie. We pulled over to one of the huge walls that fan out from the lock entrance. Max tried to follow me when I went up to the ladder to check with the lockmaster. But like most dogs, he is ill-equipped to climb ladders. Charlyne took the net and fished him out again. We went through the lock and



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on down the river to anchor in a deep cove near the Massena Town Beach for the night.

The decision whether to anchor alone and enjoy the solitude of a boat on the water on a summer night or to dock at a marina and enjoy the benefits of civilization is one that faces the Triangle Cruise traveler at the end of almost every day. This time, with the new Massena Marina just downstream, we made the wrong choice. A savage squall struck at 4:30 in the morning; the rain came down in sheets and the waves threatened to send us pounding against the rocks on shore. Throwing our foul-weather gear, I went topside to start the motors, just in case, while David played a flashlight beam on the beach. Fortunately the anchor held; we continued to swing and pitch violently, but in half an hour the storm passed, the waves smoothed out and we all went back to bed.

When we awoke, the sky was sunny and bright. We went through the Eisenhower Lock and moved on ahead to the Snell. There, waiting, was what looked like the largest tanker ever built—and the lockmaster called her in first. She almost scraped the sides. We were trying to decide how long a wait this meant when the lockmaster's megaphone sounded: "Get that boat in here." We crept inside.

He waved us forward and forward until the tanker's massive stern loomed over

our heads like the cliffs of Navarone. "Is this safe?" I shouted. No answer. We tied up to one of the ingenious floating bollards recessed in vertical slots in the lock walls. The pumps forced the water out, and we settled, 20, 30, 40 feet. The downstream gates swung open. I could see the huge propellers ahead begin to turn. Weeks before, a St. Lawrence veteran had warned us that turbulence from big props could tear up a small boat like ours. I clutched the line holding us to the lock wall like a drowning man.

Whirling eddies were forming in the

(continued)



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ERIE CRUISE (continued)

tanker's wake and I could see one of them sucking us down, but the little boat only bobbed slightly. "Start your motors and cast off," the lockmaster called. Keeping our distance, we followed the tanker out of the lock with a collective sigh. It hadn't been bad at all. Later we found out that it never is.

Sunday is a bad day to travel in Canada. Leaving the channel just beyond the Snell Lock, we headed for the city of Cornwall. This is normally a bustling town, with fine woolsens for sale, and china and a variety of English goods; naturally, all the shops were closed. So were the marinas. Lake St. Francis, an opening in the St. Lawrence 30 miles long and five miles wide, lay ahead. We checked the weather report: some thundershowers in the area but all clear at the moment. Anxious to get to Montreal, we left.

We were to get nowhere near Montreal that day. Great clumps of seaweed floated on the surface of Lake St. Francis, the long tentacles stretching everywhere. Some we could see and dodge, some we hit. Occasionally a heavy cluster would foul the props so that I had to reverse the motors to throw it off. And then, in the middle of the lake, a squall overtook us. The seas came up behind us, lifting and shaking the little boat. The wind rattled the canvas curtains and drove rain into the cockpit. Visibility dropped until we could hardly locate the next channel marker. At home it would have been a summer rainstorm, good for the roses. In a small boat in the middle of a shallow lake it was a rough hour. But as quickly as the storm had come upon us it passed. The sky lightened, followed by the sun. Land appeared on every side.

We went into Le Club Nautique de Valleyfield on the eastern shore of the lake. The manager greeted us graciously. "Storm?" he said. "Oh, there was a little rain. Seaweed? Yes, it is very bad this time of year when the water is low. Sometimes even the fishermen do not go out." We caught a taxi to the first hotel we could find. It wasn't much of a hotel. The beds pitched.

Montreal is a marvelous repair station for a storm-weary or cruise-weary

family. But Montreal Harbor, with its strong current, difficult approach from the eastern side and virtual absence of small-boat facilities, is a good place to avoid. It is much better, particularly when going downstream, to turn off west of the city and dock the boat at Lachine. There are several excellent marinas in this Montreal suburb, which is only a short taxi ride from downtown.

We had, unfortunately, made no hotel reservations, and the city seemed to be full of conventions. Sorry, they said at the Laurentien. Sorry, said the Mt. Royal. Full up, said the Ritz-Carlton. Finally we were accepted at the new Skyline Hotel near the airport. We arrived dressed in sneakers and shorts, our clothing in duffel bags, the captain bearded and holding a rather travel-worn poodle on leash. The Skyline turned out to be a gleaming, modern place full of deep carpets, indoor shrubbery and well-dressed guests. I called the troops to attention. "If they try to turn us away," I said, "we fight." Instead the deskman smiled.

"Welcome ashore," he said and handed a bellboy our key. Apparently yachtsmen are accepted anywhere.

Montreal is an island created by the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, and there is about it the cosmopolitan atmosphere of a great seaport which, of course, Montreal is, although this particular seaport is located 800 miles from the sea. In the old waterfront section of town, where Jacques Cartier first stepped ashore in 1535 and where Champlain followed 68 years later, many of the old buildings are still standing. Near the famous French market is Bonsecours Church, built in 1657 as a sailors' chapel. The Chateau de Ramezay was headquarters for Continental troops for seven months during 1775-1776, and here Benjamin Franklin preached revolution to a not altogether attentive Canadian audience. In this same vicinity General Richard Montgomery planned his attack on Quebec.

Richelieu Park raceway was running, a magnet for Tracy, who will take a horse

continued



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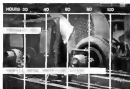
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ERIE CRUISE

any day in preference to an entire fleet of boats. There were free band concerts at night in one of the parks, and enough great restaurants to please even a traveler from New York. Mother Martin's, Chez Pierre, Desjardins, Chez Ernest, the Mt. Royal, the Ritz. And we rode through the vast parks that hug the sides of Mount Royal, an extinct volcano in the center of the city.

From Mount Royal you can almost see St. Jean, the next night's stopover from Montreal, and by boat St. Jean lies 110 miles and 11 locks away. In the morning we headed back to the St. Lawrence, its waters no longer green but muddied by association with the Ottawa River. Dozens of tankers and freighters passed, standing upstream, throwing egg cartons and banana peels in their wake. Past the little towns with the French names we ran: Varennes, Verchères, St. Sulpice, Contrecoeur, Lanoraie, any one of which can supply a wonderful French meal. At Sorel we threaded through the protecting rocks into an excellent harbor and took on ice and fuel and groceries for the run up the Richelieu River.

The Richelieu is delightful cruising country, sparsely settled and open. Occasionally a French-Canadian youngster in an outboard would dart out from his dock to race us, waving and shouting greetings that we could not always understand. We locked upstream at St. Ours and then, crossing the Chambly Basin, entered the Chambly Canal.

After the St. Lawrence Sea-way the Chambly locks are microscopic. Two boats like ours fill them to the brim. The gates are opened and closed by hand. Water leaks through the doors, and small dead frogs float on the surface. But the cottages alongside are neat and clean, the gardens full of flowers, and in the Chambly locks you are never alone. Everyone in town comes down to watch the boats go through. Except on Sunday, of course, when all the locks shut down for the day.

In the canal we cruised drowsily along, looking out on vegetable gardens and pigs and clothes flipping on the line. It was 8:30 p.m. before we pulled into

a slip at the fine marina in St. Jean, two weeks since we had left home.

Next morning we made a leisurely stop at Ile aux Noix to see beautifully restored Fort Lennox, which dates back to early French battles with the Iroquois. It later served as a strategic river-blockade point for French, British and American troops, who spent a great deal of time throwing one another out. You can close your eyes and almost hear the howls of the Indians and the shouts of the troops. We tried it and it worked, only the shouts came not from Iroquois but a large encampment of boy scouts. Under willow trees that covered the grassy banks we took a swim in a still



pool and broke out water skis.

Ten miles below the fort we came to the U.S. border. After checking with the Canadian customs officers we passed old Fort

Blander, built by American troops by slight error on Canadian soil—it took a treaty to straighten things out—and into a dock at Rouses Point to clear U.S. customs. Below us, for 107 miles, stretched Lake Champlain.

Tucked between the Adirondacks of New York and the Green Mountains of Vermont, Champlain has a shoreline that runs for almost 1,200 miles. It is a spectacularly beautiful area; the water is clear, the fishing good, there are long sand beaches, and a boatman can spend an entire summer cruising here without growing tired of the place. The weather can be treacherous and the lake is large enough to be dangerous in a blow, but there is little reason to be caught in an unprotected spot. Both the New York and Vermont shorelines are dotted with fascinating creeks and harbors as well as some of the finest freshwater marinas in the East. Shelburne Bay, with every manner of boat-handling facility, is perhaps the best, but the land-locked harbor in Malletts Bay, entered through a drawbridge, and the protected marina at Plattsburg are almost equally good. And no one should miss the nine-mile

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trip up Otter Creek to the lovely little Vermont village of Vergennes.

Champlain seems an unlikely spot for naval history, but it happened here nevertheless. South of Plattsburg, between Valcour Island—which has five lovely harbors—and the New York mainland, Benedict Arnold engaged a superior British fleet in 1776. After terrible losses General Arnold retreated under cover of night. British General Carleton pursued, firing away at what he thought was an American ship; the island he riddled still bears his name, Carleton Prize.

Originally we had planned extensive exploration of Lake Champlain, but now we had run out of time. We spent our last night in Champlain at Chipman's Point and the next morning made a quick amphibious assault on Fort Ticonderoga at the southern tip of the lake.

Fort Ti fell early in the day, and then we stormed the Champlain Canal. The most northerly lock, No. 12, opens on a two-hour schedule; we arrived in the middle of a blistering late-summer day to discover that the two-hour schedule had become a four-hour schedule because of a rainfall shortage and low-water conditions. Deciding to pass up one of the highly recommended meals at Skene Manor on the hills above town in favor of ice-cream sodas, we tied up alongside an approach wall and waited in an air-conditioned drugstore for the lock to open. At the first bridge below Whitehall we were attacked by natives, two small ones who threw rocks onto the boat and then ran laughing in quest of more fun. For the first time I was sorry that we carried no firearms aboard.

Rushing south through the canal, we regretfully passed by the town of Schuylerville, where Tracy and her father could cheerfully have spent a week; just 12 miles away at Saratoga Springs they improve the Thoroughbreds through the month of August, and the standard-breds up into October. Instead, we kept moving along until we came, once again, to the Hudson River. At the Tri-City Yacht Basin, below Troy, we bestowed upon another cruiser, heading upstream,

continued



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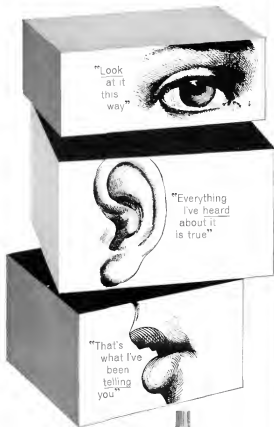




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ERIE CRUISE (continued)

the ugly old hay bags that had served us so well. By 6 p.m. we were angling into the large, spacious marina at Norrie State Park, between Kingston and Poughkeepsie. There are facilities here for many boats—and most of the slips were already full. "What in the world is happening?" we asked the harried dockmaster. He looked at us in amazement. "Where have you been?" he asked. "Tomorrow's Labor Day."

At 6 o'clock the next morning, while others slept, we eased out of our berth and into the Hudson, hoping to beat the rush. Instead we ran into a fog so thick we could hardly see the bow. Creeping over to shore we anchored for two hours until the fog lifted. By then the rush had begun.

Cruise ships, packed to the gunwales, slid by. Small boats were everywhere, their wakes jarring us as they crossed our path. We probably did some jarring ourselves, for by now we were eager to get home. Past West Point we ran and under the Bear Mountain Bridge. Through Haverstraw Bay, past Ossining and Yonkers. As before, we beeped at Spuyten Duyvil Creek and moved into the Harlem River, now a bedlam of motorboats where three weeks ago we had cruised alone. We passed Yankee Stadium. WASHINGTON HERE TODAY, TWO GAMES, the sign said. I looked at Scot. He shook his head.

In Manhasset Bay we turned and skidded up the marina. For the last time David took the forward line and Scot the stern; I slowed and reversed and brought the boat, so expertly now, alongside the dock, and they jumped ashore. Overboard went the fenders, out went the lines and I cut the motors.

A man was polishing brass on his boat near by.

"Say," he said, "didn't I see you folks leave out of here one morning a few weeks ago?"

We nodded.

"Nice trip?" he asked.

We looked at each other for a moment. Charlyne smiled, just a little smile, and the boys grinned. I looked at Tracy. She nodded her head, hard.

"Yes," I said, "it was a very nice trip."

END



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Reluctant Queens of the Court

Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen, the top women tennis players of their day, avoided each other for years. Finally they met in an unimportant tournament in Cannes

by THEODORE M. O'LEARY

The most eagerly awaited and universally talked about tennis match ever played did not take place at Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Melbourne or Sydney. Tilden didn't play in it, neither did Budge, Vines, Cochet, Lacoste, Perry, Kramer, Sedgman, Hoad or Gonzalez. Matched instead were two young women—Suzanne Lenglen of France and Helen Wills of California. They played on February 16, 1926 in the finals of a small regional tournament sponsored by the Carlton Club of Cannes. All over the world, people who had scarcely even given a thought to tennis before waited upon

the outcome. When the match was over, the results were printed, not on the sports pages, but on the front pages of most of the world's newspapers.

It was unthinkable that the match would not someday be played, but it had remained unplayed so long that an almost unbearable tension had set in among the partisans of the two players. Aside from the fact that the match brought together two world-ranking tennis players, it also pitted what Miss Wills's supporters liked to think of as American simplicity and innocence against French guile and sophistication.

The two players had virtually impeccable records. Suzanne, then 26, had lost only one singles match since 1919—a default to Molla Mallory of the United States in the second round (seedings were not used then) of the 1921 American championships at Forest Hills after Mrs. Mallory had won the first set 6-2. Suzanne had won at Wimbledon in 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1925. She had also won the Olympic singles championship in 1920. She did not defend that title in 1924 (the last year tennis was an Olympic event) because of illness, and Helen succeeded her as Olympic

continued



SUZANNE PLAYED WITH CRAFT AND THE GRACE OF A DANCER WHILE HELEN (RIGHT) RELIED MAINLY ON POWERFUL GROUND STROKES



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Reluctant Queens continued

champion, Miss Wills had won the U.S. title in 1923 when she was only 17 years old, overthrowing Mrs. Mallory, and had retained her title the next two years. She later won four more U.S. singles titles. Helen exemplified power, particularly off her forehead. Suzanne played with craft and the grace of a dancer; she coveted the tennis court with an effortless glide.

When Helen arrived on the Riviera in the winter of 1926 everyone knew why she was there but nobody was sure when she would play Suzanne. As boxers, mikers and other athletes are still doing today, neither girl hastened to commit herself to a match with the other. In the previous tournaments, Suzanne confined herself to the doubles if Helen entered the singles, or if Suzanne entered the singles, Helen played in the doubles. They didn't find themselves on the opposite sides of a net until the finals of a tournament at Nice, and then it was only in mixed doubles when Suzanne and Henri de Morpurgo defeated Helen and Charles Aeschlimann.

Off-court match

The two girls maintained the fiction of a high personal regard for each other. Suzanne, who had a gift for being patronizing, told reporters she thought Helen was "a sweet child." But later she began psyching Helen. After watching her in a mixed doubles match Suzanne remarked most audibly, "Isn't that comical?" and went off for tea. They also sought to outplay each other in their dress. Once Helen asked photographers to delay taking pictures of her for a day until a couple of new outfits arrived from Paris. The distinguished American diplomat and author Brand Whitlock found his diplomatic prowess tested when he was dragged into the controversy. Someone had said that Helen would be handicapped because her skirt was longer than Suzanne's, which, in the delicious phrasing of one writer, "just kissed her knees." Whitlock remarked that Helen's skirt was merely decently long, and when reporters asked him if by that he meant that Suzanne's was indecent, he took refuge in the assertion that a few inches one way or another would not decide the feminine tennis championship of the world.

Reporters assigned to the two players were hard pressed at times to sustain interest, as tournament after tournament

went by without pitting Helen and Suzanne in the singles. To keep in trim they limbered up with smiles. One described Suzanne as "charging along on tiptoes like a high-strung racer," while Helen "walked flat-footed like an Indian or a detective." Suzanne wore a "fixed, frozen smile like a toothpaste advertisement," while Helen, "pale and tight-lipped, was the Coolidge of tennis."

Finally, to the vast relief of everyone, both players sent in their entries for the Carlton Club tournament, to be played on the club's pink clay courts, with only limited gallery space. The club was operated by the Burke brothers, tennis professionals, and, presumably speaking for them, one of their associates, Bernie Hicks, said in a notable display of candor: "We are out to get the coin. It's purely a question of dough." Hicks was not an Oxford man. In pursuit of their aim the Burkes sold exclusive newsreel rights for \$100,000, and wangled \$4,000 out of a tennis ball manufacturer for the privilege of letting him provide the balls for the match. The newsreel deal fell through when both Helen and Suzanne insisted that the match be open to all motion picture cameras.

Never ones to encourage needless ex-

pense, the Burkes prevailed upon some Englishmen to put up a handsome gold cup for the winner. It was reported that the largest contributor, Sidney Beers, had simply dipped into his winnings of \$200,000 at the Cannes gaming tables. Around those tables the match became as consuming a topic of interest as what color of number was coming up next. One writer reported, in a tone of incredulity, that "even among blasé baccarat players the great question of the year is who will win, Suzanne or Helen."

Dollars as well as glory

The commercial aspects of the match were further accentuated when rumors began floating about that Suzanne's father, Papa Lenglen (who had taught her not only to play tennis but to know the value of a franc), had seen to it that his daughter would be cut in for \$12,000 of the gate receipts, which ultimately totaled around \$40,000. An Englishswoman, who also knew the value of a franc as well as a shilling, got her hands on a large block of 50-franc tickets, which she later peddled for 1,000 francs each.

The match was called for 11 o'clock in the morning. Years later Miss Wills was to recall that the night before, after a

dinner of clear soup, filet mignon, green peas, boiled new potatoes, ice cream and cake, she went up to her room and, despite the repeated strains of the season's top hit, *Valencia*, which floated up from the terrace below, slept soundly.

The Riviera produced its best weather for the match, and long before play started all the regular seats were taken and spectators were clinging to nearby trees, fences and rooftops, from which tiles had been removed in some cases. Hundreds more simply stood outside in the streets, hopeful of hearing the umpire's call of the score as the match progressed. No one ever did figure out how many people either saw the match or were in the vicinity.

The quality of the play never quite came up to expectations. The circus atmosphere, the long weeks of tension, the tendency of spectators, unschooled in the metres of tennis etiquette, to cheer wildly, to the particular discomfiture of Suzanne, did little for the players' concentration. Early in the match crowds outside, seeking to batter their way to a view of the court, pushed forward so violently that they nearly toppled one of the backstops. Suzanne, a native of nearby Nice, apparently knew how to

continued

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Reluctant Queens *continued*

deal with people of her district. She walked to the end of the court and spoke sharply to the surging tennis fans. Even though they were separated from her by a wall of opaque canvas, they were thoroughly cowed and minded their manners.

Next, French gendarmes pursued some minor lawbreakers up and down the trunks and through the branches of a row of eucalyptus trees near the court. *Miss Wills* later recalled her amusement at this parody of the chase footage in a Keystone cops comedy. But she found little more to amuse her as the match unfolded.

Both she and Suzanne began by playing cautiously, and that style prevailed through most of the match. Although Suzanne was known for her daring, she was content to try to outsteady Helen, which she did. Helen made 26 errors to Suzanne's 14 in the first set. Each girl had only five placements and there were no service aces. Suzanne placed her shots with a precision that disconcerted Helen and kept the slower California girl from getting into position for her killing forehand, the shot she depended upon as a point winner.

Overzealous fans

Frequently Suzanne employed soft and sharply angled shots to force Helen to run diagonally toward the net and one sideline, thus causing her to leave vast areas of her court undefended. Suzanne won the first set 6-3, but stopped play several times to remonstrate with the noisy gallery, which was overwhelmingly for her. "After all," she said after the match, "tennis is not baseball or boxing."

In the second set Helen began anticipating some of Suzanne's cannily directed shots and ran to a 3-1 lead. Her strategy of seeking to exhaust her older opponent, who was something of a hypochondriac, appeared on the point of fruition. Suzanne, never one to conceal either her emotions or her real or imagined pains, began clutching dramatically at the region of her heart. When she found herself down 3-1, she strode to the sidelines and helped herself to a stiff shot of cognac. Stimulated, Suzanne evened the set at 3 all, but soon fell behind. Helen, ahead by one game, smashed a hard forehand down the line that the crowd, partisan though it was, thought to be good. But the linesman, Cyril Tolley, a noted British golfer, ruled the ball

out. Suzanne rallied, and at 6-5 reached match point.

Then an incident occurred that some were inclined to compare with the false armistice of November 7, 1918. Helen hit a ball deep, and someone in the stands yelled "Out!" The players and the crowd assumed the call was official. Spectators swarmed over the court and photographers posed the two girls at the net. But the officials ruled that the ball had been good. Helen then won the game and the set stood at 6-6. Such an incident usually left the emotional Suzanne seething. A crisis of nerves appeared in prospect. But she seemed unperturbed and ran out the set 8-6, and with it the match.

Her admirers, with a foresight born of supreme confidence, had provided themselves with huge bouquets of roses, which they pressed upon her. But the caliber of the match had left Suzanne dissatisfied. "I am not at all proud of the way I played," she said. "All these flowers don't please me. I don't deserve them." Later she wrote, in an analysis of the match: "I never took a chance. I placed my shots but I never tried to impose my game. I simply returned the ball." In the course of the match she had forced Helen into 31 net balls and 32 outs, while she was making two fewer outs and 18 fewer net balls.

While Suzanne sat laden with the bouquets of roses, Helen stood momentarily alone and unnoticed. Then a young American, whom she had met casually after her arrival in France, approached her and said: "You played awfully well." His name was Fred Moody, and Miss Wills was later to marry him. Her only comment at the time was: "There will be other tennis matches. There are other years coming."

But there never was another match between Suzanne and Helen. They were expected to meet a couple of weeks later in the finals of the French championship at St. Cloud. But Helen underwent an operation for appendicitis and was forced to withdraw. Suzanne won over Mary K. Browne in the finals, and that summer turned professional. She earned more than \$100,000, to the deep satisfaction of Papa Lengien.

On July 2, 1938 Helen, then Mrs. Moody, won the Wimbledon championship for an unprecedented eighth time. Two days later Suzanne Lengien died in Paris of pernicious anemia. She had won only six times at Wimbledon, but—more important—she had won at Cannes on February 16, 1926.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—DOT WILKINSON of Phoenix, an All-American softball pitcher, was the Women's International Bowling Congress' Queens Tournament in Phoenix. A 19-year-old woman by only one pin in the seventh match against Lynn Light, Marion Leach of Grand Rapids, the then Mrs. M. Ludwig again in the fourth and won the match by a 5-0 margin 799-795.

GOLF SHOW—CH. ELFIN-BROOK SIMON, the West Highland white terrier that was born-in-the-dog at New York's Westminster, spent of the same after at the Rhode Island Club show. The 4-year-old, owned by Barbara Westcott of Little Falls, N.J. and handled by George Ward, was selected from among 820 entries.

GOLF—AAROLD PALMER finished three of the last four holes of the \$10,000 Texas Open in San Antonio, putting on one of his come-from-behind performances to win for the third straight year. Trail leader Lee Campbell led two strokes at the start of the final round. Palmer finished with a 129-under-par 47 for a total of 273. Mason Rudolph, Doug Sanders, Gene Lester and Campbell were for second place, one stroke behind Palmer.

BILLY JOE PATTON, 46-year-old Morgan, N.C. hunterman, shot a shortened bucking-up to keep out of trouble off the tree as he won the South Branch Amateur at Fikehead, N.C. He beat Hobart Manley of Savannah, 7 and 6 in the 36-hole final (see page 20).

HARNESS RACING—HENRY T. ADAMS (54.80), last year's 10-year-old champion, was chosen to win the \$14,800 Realization Purebred Raceway, was no disappointment. Under a heavy drive by Stanley Dancer he covered the mile and a sixteenth in 2:06.15 carrying leader Mighty Day at the mile mark to win by a length.

HORSE RACING—BIDAN (\$1.80), an impressive time for the Kentucky Derby (see page 31), early to early other 1-year-olds with the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, Ky., coming in four lengths ahead of Doubleday and more than 100 yards of Keeneland. Bidan led in the Kentucky Derby covered the mile and an eighth in 1:47.5, only 1/2 to a second off Doubleday's track record.

THE LORICIST (2:40) running his first mile in a two-month field caused by an ankle injury, but five other champions in a number of the pre-Derby races, won the 1000 seconds in the Kentucky Derby. It was Sir Gaylord's fourth win in six years since the season began by beating Valerius, a 10-year-old. Sir Gaylord's only came from behind in the stretch to finish 1/2 lengths ahead of Sir Robert. He covered the seven furlongs in a commendable 1:22.5 because the Derby favorite.

C'S ADA (52.80) later made it a perfect day for the Cherry valley, winning at the same distance on the same track in even faster time than his debut at Keeneland. The 3-year-old filly, with Willie Shoemaker up, outdistanced a field of 11 others in the \$14,800 Oaks Purebred at 1:21.15, one length ahead of Derby favorite.

AMBERROISE (53.70) surprised the favorites at Aqueduct, winning the \$8,000 City Handicap by 1 1/2 lengths over Carry Back. Breaking under Jackey Bobby Ussery, Amberroise went from running comfortably early, not nearly back to head to win while being kept away from it, to lead and took the lead at the turning pole. Carry Back, ridden by Manuel Naranjo, made his usual late run but was not quite strong enough to overtake the winner.

VIMMY RIDGE (\$1.40) followed the American flag to the finish line while winning the first race of the 12th 175 Southern Oaks Stakes. Frank F. Power's 5-year-old, a candidate for the Preakness and Belmont Stakes, clipped 3/4 of a second and Dogwood.

MOUNTAIN DEW, in fourth place although only of the fourth four miles of the Maryland Hunt Cup race last Wednesday, Md., started a stretch drive clearing the last of 22 fences and eight furlongs. But at the finish he was to be beat. Jackey after III rode the 7-year-old to his second third Maryland steeplechase victory.

LACROSSE—JOHNS HOPKINS stayed unbeaten but had a rough time against Amherst in Baltimore. Really winning 9-1. The team was led by first baseman Jerry Schmidt breaking through to score the crucial goal in the late sixth inning. Hopkins won the season.

NAVY, the only other undefeated major team, used three hard-charging midfield men against Maryland at College Park to net the Terps into a state of near

collapse and beat them 22-12. One of the worst defenses in Maryland's lacrosse history.

NOTES SPORTS—MAURICE THINGSTANT of France won his third victory in the Pan, France Grand Prix, using his knee along the 17th mile course through the streets of the Pont-neuf at an average speed of 64.5 mph. Ricardo Rodriguez of Mexico came in less than 15 seconds behind him in the latest Ferrari model.

BOXING—PENNSYLVANIA's senior heavyweight won in a high bout of 14 at 16 seconds. He was along the two-mile Harlem River course against Colombia and Princeton to win his first race of the season and in 160 seconds. Club City, Philadelphia, a surprise second, finished ahead of the Tigers for the first time in 16 years.

HARVARD heavyweight, easily outboxed by strong while that forced the Charles River course to be cut to a mile and caused cancellations of five races, beat Boston University by 10 lengths and a quarter with Rutgers a few feet back in second place.

SOCCER—SPRINGSBURG, a 1900-foot site, became the first team in 71 years to win the English championship in its first season of play in the major league by defeating Aston Villa 2-0 in London.

TENNIS—MANUEL SANTANA, Spain's No. 1 player, won his last year's Men's European Cup, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3, at Madrid, while in Naples, Italian Open. Club of Arlington, Va., ranked No. 10 in the U.S., beat the Japan of August 6-2, 1-6, 6-3, 6-4. The women's hard-court championship at Richmond was won by South African Renee Schuurs, who beat New Zealand's Kathleen Williams in a two-hour match, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4. Australian Rod Laver took the men's hard-court title, winning 3-6, 6-3, 6-3 over New Zealand's Len Cockshead.

TRACK & FIELD—ST. ANTONIO BELAYS Marine last. Day-Tek smashed the world pole-vault record with a leap of 16 feet 2 inches on his second try at Walnut, Calif. Lisa Anna Collins, who set the previous mark of 16 feet 3 inches in San Antonio, Texas, broke the record. The pole-jumper, who was Oregon star now training for the Los Angeles Track Club, became the fourth American to do the feat. Collins was the first to be leaped the vault of the vault with a strong last try to hit the tape at 15.9. Yvonne Stiller, holder of the world record, and Al Decker set a new distance record by averaging the 1900-yard mark time trials before Decker actually won with a throw of 296 feet 6 inches. Lisa Williams of Arizona State ran the 440 in a creditable 46 and later held the relay team to a 3:07.5 mile.

ORANGE BAYLAYS Florida A&M broke Texas' Drake's string of 16 straight relay victories, setting a meet record of 49.9 in a 440-yard race while en route to winning that event. The best Texas Southern in the 440 was the 50.9. Both teams anchored both relays and also took the individual 100, although his time was an unimpressive 19.5. The Texans won their other relays, setting three meet records: the distance medley in 10:01.7 (meet record), the sprint medley in 3:24.2 (meet record), the mile relay in 3:13.9 (meet record) 11.4 in a heat, and the two-mile in 7:35.3.

PENN. RELAYS New York University Villanova and Michigan were all double winners at Philadelphia, where about 5,000 schoolboys and college girls in the country's biggest meet (see page 27). But NYU's women's relay and sprint relays were undoubtedly the women's winners of all, since the Villanova's didn't make a race there in 1964 year. Villanova's Villanova, winner of the mile relay in 1964, set last seven years. Couldn't find a team and consequently could not on the sprint and the distance medley. Villanova's Villanova, winner of the mile relay in 1964, set last seven years. Couldn't find a team and consequently could not on the sprint and the distance medley. Villanova's Villanova, winner of the mile relay in 1964, set last seven years. Couldn't find a team and consequently could not on the sprint and the distance medley.

WILPOTS—RETIRED Jack Adams, 66, general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, ended one more season by Genevieve Bragg. Adams after the Red Wings failed to make the Stanley Cup playoffs for only the second time in 24 seasons. In his 15 years with the team, Adams had won the Stanley Cup championship and 12 NHL titles. Red Wings Coach Sid Abel will succeed Adams, while also retaining his coaching post.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

San Francisco fans were happy. Their Giants won four of six, were all but tied for first with the Cardinals and Pirates, and the pennant at Candlestick Park ("thirty plump legumes instead of the 20 dwarfs we got last year," one writer commented) were tastier than ever. There were problems, though. Mike McCormick had arm trouble, and Harvey Kuenn, a .382 lead-off man, managed to get injured in the on-deck circle. Pirate Pitcher Jack Lamabe, backing up a play at the plate, somehow spiked Kuenn, who lost a tooth. And women at Candlestick complained that "we wreck our nylons on the rough edges of the seats." Billy O'Dell beefed, too, when one of his pitches was called a ball. He had more to moan about after his next delivery. Cincinnati's Vada Pinson hit it over the fence. A day later Pinson had to hit the dirt to avoid a pitch by Jack Sanford of the Giants. Pinson, who batted .440 last week, got a home run on the following pitch. Wally Post hit three homers, but also made three errors (giving him five for the year already). In all, the Reds made nine errors during the week. Worse yet were the Pittsburgh Pirates, who made 10 bobbles, four by outfielders. All three Pirate catchers were hurt. Don Heak had an infection and Pitchers Bob Gibson and Vern Law still had aching arms. The Milwaukee Braves, however, made the most of their wounded and supposedly slumping players. The Braves got a homer from an catcher (Del Crandall) who had not hit one since 1960, a four-hitter from a Canadian sinker baller (Ron Piche), and a leaping, game-saving catch of what should have been a home run by an outfielder (Mack Jones) who is celebrated for his post-holing. Bob Shaw pitched a four-hitter and a live-outter as the Braves won six of seven and climbed from eighth to fifth. Only Lou Bardette had difficulty. He lost to Los Angeles. A balk was called on Bardette as he pitched to Willie Davis. His pitch had been hit to center for an easy out, but was ruled a ball and Davis got another swing. Davis hit Bardette's next pitch for a home run. Wally Moon became the fourth "regular" first baseman Sandy Koufax won twice, once against the Cubs when he set an NL daylight mark by sinking out Ernie. Every pitcher looked like a Koufax to the Houston Couk .45 (see page 63), who hit only 211 behind continued fine pitching. The New York Mets finally won a couple of

games but were still last. As bad as the Mets were, they actually outplayed their opponents in some ways. They were out hit .303 to .283, but they made more double plays (five for the Mets, four by their opponents), fewer errors (four to seven) and had the same number of stolen bases, wild pitches and passed balls (two in each instance). On top of that, Frank Thomas, Charlie Neal and Gil Hodges hit successive homers. St. Louis had only three homers all week. Carl Flood, obtained in an almost-forgotten trade with the Reds in December 1957, led the league with a .415 BA. Curt Simmons, picked up for SI when he was cut loose by the Phillies in 1960, won his third straight. Philadelphia and Chicago officials might have been hard pressed to get SI for some of their pitchers last week. Twenty-one Philie pitchers gave up 39 runs in six games. Even more ineffective were the 20 Cubs who allowed 50 runs in seven contests.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

You have to hand it to the Kennedys; they have a magic touch. New York's Roger Maris went to the White House hitting .132 and with just one home run in 11 games. He shook hands with the President and in the next two days hit .400 and two homers. Cleve Boyer came to spring training saying he wanted to be moved up from eighth to second in the hitting order. Last week, hitting .447 for the season, he got his chance and continued his hot streak; in three games he batted .429 and had seven RBIs. Cleveland won six of seven and moved into first place. The Indians hadn't won six games in a week since last June. Gary Bell had a mild scare when some of the lights in the Yankee Stadium bullpen would not work. "I was throw-



POWER HITTERS from Los Angeles were Willie Davis of Dodgers, Leon Wagner of the Angels. Each hit four homers last week.

ing as hard as I could to fry [bullpen catcher Enrique Izquierdo]." Bell said, "and done-gone in the dark I catch everything without trouble in the dark. I thought I had lost my first ball." As it turned out, it was the Yankees, six of whom struck out in four innings, who had trouble seeing Bell's pitches. Cleveland had lost 19 in a row at Yankee Stadium, and Manager Mel McGaha was asked if he felt his team was jinxed. "Jinx, my apoplexy," McGaha said and then his Indians beat the Yankees in a doubleheader. Washington's Mickey Vernon had to blame his team's 11 successive losses on the obvious: bad pitching (47 runs in six games) and bad hitting (.223). The Chicago White Sox traced some of their earlier failures to the fact that pinch hitters went 0 for 22. Then Bob Sadownski got two pinch hits, one a homer, the other a game-winning double against Boston. Galen Cisco of the Red Sox—the same Cisco Kid who played in the Ohio State backfield with Hopalong Cassidy—beat the Senators with a four-hitter, and Eddie Bressoud gave the club its best shortstopping in years. He also set a team record, hitting in the first 14 games of the season. Detroit infielders had a hard time hanging on to the ball. Five infield errors cost them a 9-8 loss to the Athletics. Frank Lary was sidelined with a wrenched shoulder. Nothing, not even the Army, stopped Steve Barber of Baltimore. He finished his work on the Fort Bragg garbage truck, got a pass and won his third weekend game. Barber's win moved the Orioles into fifth place. Los Angeles slipped from third to eighth as Manager Bill Rigney had trouble convincing the Angels not to swing for the fences. Harmon Killebrew, who had a hard time finding the fences the first two weeks, hit three out of the park as the errant Minnesota Twins split six games. Kansas City continued to show that its hitting was no longer erratic. Last week the Athletics did not have an outfielder who hit over .253 and the team as a whole batted .247. Last week Norm Siebern hit .308, Jerry Lumpe .429, the outfielders .333. The team average was .296. Gino Cimoli batted .387 and drove in nine runs, and Manny Jimenez was a .389 hitter. Jimenez also hit three homers in two days. Maybe next year President Kennedy will shake hands with Manny Jimenez. **END**

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammate Batted*	Total Runs Produced
Pittsburgh (Ch) (.440)	9	29	29
Del. (C) (.412)	18	9	27
St. Louis (Ch) (.372)	17	10	26
Cleveland (Ch) (.352)	17	7	24
Kansas City (.340)	12	12	24
Minneapolis (Ch) (.327)	12	11	24
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
San Francisco (Ch) (.351)	17	18	35
St. Louis (Ch) (.350)	15	18	33
Cincinnati (.312)	12	13	26
Philadelphia (.293)	14	11	25
San Francisco (.291)	15	9	24
San Francisco (.243)	17	7	24

* Devoted by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

Record statistics through Saturday, April 20



LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HALMI

Great moments live in LIFE

Fair exchange in Kenya.

An African prince learns that in America, swinging clubs is a game—while Kevin Gorman from Rye, N.Y. picks up the finer points of a Masai warrior's favorite sport.

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LIFE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SECOND ROUND

Sirs:

I cannot refrain from commenting on the article by New York's Boxing Commissioner James A. Farley Jr. and his expressed desire to see "the absolute elimination of return-bout contracts for title fights" (*NY Fight in Defense of Boxing*, April 23).

Under the aegis of the National Boxing Association this is already the rule in the 47 states of the U.S. that are members of the NBA. At the NBA convention in September, 1961 all return-bout clauses, overt and covert, in connection with contracts for championship bouts were outlawed. Any member organization violating this rule is subject to suspension.

That it is being enforced is proved by the fact that in the contract for the Harold Johnson-Von Clay light heavyweight championship fight we refused to accept a return-bout provision. In the forthcoming Harold Johnson-Deog Jones light heavyweight championship fight, there is no return-bout clause in the contract.

I agree with Commissioner Farley that it is ridiculous for two boxers to fight battle-dare and shuttlecock with a championship with the encouragement of a boxing commission, while all the other contenders in the same weight class have been punching their way to the top, only to be frustrated in their ambitions to reach the pinnacle because of the monopolistic return-bout clause. At the next convention NBA members will be asked to consider an addendum to this rule, which will provide that when a champion has been dethroned his rating immediately thereafter shall be no higher than third. This means he would no longer be able to enjoy the advantages of the rule that compels a champion to fight the No. 1-ranked contender within six months.

The NBA claims no copyright on these rules; it would be happy to see them adopted by the New York Commission. Or, better still, it would welcome New York to membership in the National Boxing Association so that together we can all devote our united best efforts to the preservation and improvement of the sport of boxing.

ALFRED M. KLEIN
First Vice-President, NBA

Philadelphia

● With Philadelphia now a leading bidder in the grab for the Patterson-Liston go and Gus D'Amato a stout master on return-bout clauses, Pennsylvania's Commissioner Klein can look forward to some interesting conflicts—ED.

Sirs:

Mr. Farley states: "I want boxing given back to the boxing fans, not a TV audience." What does Mr. Farley think the TV audience is if not many thousands of keen boxing fans?

I believe that TV can be the best medium of restoring the great sport of boxing—through proper matchmaking, proper refereeing and proper medical and physical supervision.

RALPH E. RUMES

Lowell, Mass.

Sirs:

One TV fight each week certainly cannot hinder boxing that much.

MAC McBUS

Silver Spring, Md.

LACROSSE WE BEAR

Sirs:

How right you are that in Baltimore the lacrosse stick, not the robin, is the best har-binger of spring (*Message on a Mistletoe*, April 23). The lacrosse story of our family is actually not too unusual in our city, but I thought you might find it interesting. My husband, John W. (Benny) Boynton was All-America and 1928 Olympics from Hopkins. Our son John played at Gilman (prep school) and subsequently at Hopkins. Our daughter Lynn played at Bryn Mawr (prep school) and Hollins College. Our younger son George prepped at Gilman. He was awarded the C. Markland Kelly Award for the outstanding high school lacrosse player in his senior year, and was subsequently All-America at Williams College. Today, a business man, he is playing for the Mount Washington club here in Baltimore, and brother John, teacher and father of three, is playing for the Connecticut Valley Lacrosse Club. On one spring afternoon Mr. Boynton and I went to three games in three different schools in order to see our children play.

DOROTHY W. BOYNTON

Baltimore

PARADOXES IN PARANOIDS

Sirs:

I noted with much interest your description of the Paradoxes (*It's Only a Paper Home*, April 23).

According to Mr. Horn, some of the "clear advantages" this paper-plastic edifice has in contrast to canvas is that it will not rot or mildew. I would like to point out that good-quality canvas tents do not rot or mildew even after prolonged use. Tents purchased by the armed forces, for instance, have this requirement. It is similarly true that good-quality tentage is also fireproofed, a quality which the paper-plastic shelter was not expected to possess.

Mr. Horn also states that the new paper-plastic "house" is "far less oppressive than most tents." Oppressive in what way—physically or psychologically?

We haven't been oppressed physically by a tent in years. The last time that happened was during our boy scout days when one collapsed after a particularly strenuous pillow fight. If the oppression is based on an emotional or psychological evaluation, I would like to know whether it is based on Mr. Horn's individual psyche (warriors are forever plagued by all sorts of devils, phobias and instabilities), or is this an outgrowth of some scholarly research, the results of which have until this day been buried in some arid text.

As I recall, we were also oppressed during existence in a tent while in the Army, but I always felt, perhaps mistakenly, that this oppression resulted from factors other than the tent.

I had always attributed my malaise to my first sergeant.

JUSTIN WALLRAFF

St. Paul

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Jewellers to The Queen and The Queen Mother
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WALKERVILLE, CANADA



Things the bartender does while you're making up your mind



Lights your cigarette. Quickly checks availability of peanuts.

★ Wonders if you're a man who'll order a cocktail or a highball.

Studies your firm chin-line. Pegs you as a man of action.

★ Decides you will call for the imported whisky that's the lightest in the world.

Looks at your suit. From the cut of your lapel, figures you for a broker.

★ Tells himself you're the type that stays with your favorite brand all evening long.

Gets set to discuss a burning but not inflammatory issue.

★ Surmises you'll ask for the whisky famous for having the world's most distinctive flavor. Watches your eyes examine bottles on back bar. Sees eyes light up.

★ Hears your voice ring out as you firmly order "The Best In The House."
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